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The Week

THE crisis at Geneva, while still continuing as we go to press, seems to be moving toward settlement and may have ended by the time this issue is in our readers' hands. Germany has shown a genuine "Locarno spirit" by agreeing that Poland is to be admitted to a non-permanent seat on the Council provided the French bloc is at the same time reduced in strength through having Czechoslovakia succeeded by a neutral. The action of Sweden in offering to resign her seat in favor of Poland is generous and in marked contrast to the violent chauvinism shown by some other powers, and notably Brazil. The worst feature of the whole business, and one the importance of which it would be hard to exaggerate, is the revelation that the Locarno treaties were actually negotiated in an atmosphere far different from the spirit of harmony and reasonableness which was described at the time. The evidence is overwhelming that Sir Austen Chamberlain and M. Briand made a secret agreement that Germany's entrance into the League Council should be offset by putting Poland in at the same time, and that the Poles knew this and because of their knowledge acted with the complaisance which at the time seemed so extraordinary, even if so welcome. The secret agreement was a piece of folly, since Chamberlain and Briand ought to have known that with the searchlights of Geneva beating upon them they could not hope to carry out their bargain except with infinite difficulty and danger; but it was more: it was a repudiation both of the much-vaunted Locarno spirit, and of that of the League itself. It was the old diplomacy in operation again: a secret agreement, made for the purpose of maintaining the balance of power, and one which constituted nothing less than treachery to the Germans who signed the compacts and applied for admission to the League in good faith on the supposition that they knew all that had taken place. The episode has done the greatest harm to the cause of the League in the United States; and we shall be surprised if it has not also put an end to the public career of that erstwhile hero, Sir Austen Chamberlain.

IT IS undoubtedly true that prohibition is today the livest political issue in these allegedly United States. Day after day, it continues to occupy the public attention to a degree which no one, not even the bitterest opponent of the Eighteenth Amendment, could have predicted in 1919. As we point out elsewhere in this issue, chief among the developments last week was the inauguration of a series of newspaper straw votes. The Hearst press, the Scripps-Howard papers and others to a total number of several hundred have sounded out the opinion of many hundreds of thousands of persons in almost every state. The results have been strikingly similar. The first million persons to reply to the Scripps-Howard questionnaire (conducted through the Newspaper Enterprise Association) showed only one-sixth in favor of continuing the prohibition amendment. One-half demanded light wines and beer, and one-third the repeal of the amendment. Only five states had been carried for complete prohibition in this poll up to the hour of going to press: Kansas, Kentucky, Oklahoma, South Dakota and Utah; and these, as it happens, were states in which very few votes were cast, and for the most part in small towns. It is inevitable that a poll of this sort should give better representation to urban than to rural elements; but we are aware of no evidence to support the hypothesis of dry leaders that

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the poll is unrepresentative because the enemies of prohibition will take the trouble to vote whereas its friends will not. It would be just as easy, in our opinion, to support the opposite statement.

THE United States Senate has voted for an investigation of the Tariff Commission and particularly as to whether "any attempt has been made to influence the official action of members of said commission by any official of the government or other person or persons." The phraseology used is directly aimed at President Coolidge, who has been charged with causing the report on sugar to be delayed for several months for political purposes, and with having brought pressure to bear upon members and prospective members of the Commission to insure a policy in harmony with his own ideas. The Senate investigation is to be conducted, under the terms of the resolution, by two Democrats, Senators Robinson and Bruce, two Republicans, Wadsworth and Reed of Pennsylvania, and one "Progressive Republican," Senator Robert M. La Follette, Jr. This formal recognition of the fact that there are two wings to the Republican party shocked some of the members of the Senate, but they were unable to prevent adoption of the proposal.

THE character of the committee gives us the right to hope that the investigation will be genuine and far-reaching. There is no doubt as to the sort of facts it will uncover; the only question is the actual extent to which the operations of this important governmental body have been hampered. President Coolidge has, without question, sought to maintain control over the members of the Trade Commission and other agencies. His philosophy is such that he probably sees nothing wrong in such a course, even when it has gone to the length of demanding in advance an undated letter of resignation from a prospective appointee. We are glad to note that the Senate, which has recently given signs of an abject and absolute surrender to the Coolidge-Mellon doctrines, has plucked up enough courage to order one inquiry which is aimed straight at the President himself.

GOVERNOR Pinchot of Pennsylvania has announced his intention of contesting the Republican nomination for Senator in the spring primaries, and in embarking on this enterprise he is entitled to the support of all American progressives of both parties. He has for the last few years been fighting gallantly, if somewhat ineffectually, against one of the most corrupt and unscrupulous political machines in the country. In his new enterprise he has apparently some chance of success. His opponents are divided. Representative Vare of Philadelphia has also announced his candidacy on a wine and beer platform, and, of course, the pious Senator Pepper will, with the support of the Mellon interests, try to succeed himself. If Mr. Pinchot can succeed in getting nominated, it will be an extraordinary personal victory, won in spite of what appear to be insurmountable handicaps, and with all the odds against him. It should be added that he would constitute an extremely valuable addition to the progressive group in the Senate. He has specialized of recent years in the effort to obtain the benefit of the improved distribution and the cheapening of electric power for the small rural consumer and that is one of the most enlightened and important objects of public policy which a progressive can pursue.

THERE are some aspects of Governor Pinchot's personal platform which illustrate the difficulties under which a progressive, who enters into a contest for a Republican or Democratic nomination, necessarily labors. American progressivism is devoid at present of any coherent national impulse or group of principles, and Governor Pinchot is running almost entirely on his record as Governor. He is obliged as a Republican to endorse the Coolidge administration, in spite of the fact that he has been carrying on a fight against all its works and creatures in the state of Pennsylvania. This professed Coolidgism sharply distinguishes him from the franker progressives of the West. Finally, he is running as a candidate who is not only in favor of the thorough-going enforcement of the prohibition law, but is opposed to any attempt at its modification. Whether his bone-dryness will help to elect or help to defeat him, we do not know. It may win him certain votes from rural Republicans, but it may lose him votes in labor union districts. The progressives are just as much divided on the prohibition issue as are the Democrats and the Republicans. It is the red-herring which renders it impossible for the American people to concentrate on any line of political advance or achievement.

BRIEF despatches summarizing the report of the British Coal Commission are not detailed enough to permit much in the way of judgment as to its adequacy. The subsidy to maintain wage standards in unprofitable mines, adopted as an emergency measure, is to be forthwith abandoned. Coal deposits are to become the property of the state. The industry is to be operated as before by private interests, but economies are to be demanded. These will doubtless take the form of abandonment of the least profitable mines, consolidation of other properties to eliminate waste, and use of more modern methods. The state will have an instrument for equalization of costs through ownership of the deposits and arrangement of royalties. There is a hint that in certain districts either lower wages or longer hours will be necessary. The miners are not likely to swallow that without choking. There is no promise that the unemployed can all be used. So far as greater efficiency under private ownership can help, the plan seems to have possibilities, provided all concerned have the will and the intel-

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ligence to operate it. There still remain, however, the very troublesome questions regarding the international market for coal, which may be so serious that superior efficiency cannot solve them.

WE DO not quite know why it is that state ownership of electric power generating plants is not Socialism, whereas state ownership of power distribution systems is Socialism, but that seems to be the prevailing judgment in New York. Governor Smith, having made a strong common sense argument for state ownership of power, was answered with the terrible epithet of "Socialist!" Whereupon it was explained that he did not deserve the epithet because he was for ownership of generating stations but not of distributing lines. All that is, of course, irrelevant, to say the least. The question of what the state should own or should not own ought not to be decided on the basis of epithets or the fear of them. We can see reasons why it would be more difficult for the state to go into the distributing business than into the producing business—one of which is that the distributing equipment already exists in large part, and is in private hands. But we can also see reasons why state distribution might be of major advantage in regard to proper location of new lines to benefit sections at present not served, and in regard to allocation of rates among different types of users. We hope that the question of distribution will not be closed by a defense of the Governor against Socialism.

FEBRUARY foreign trade figures of the United States continue the tendency shown in January. Total exports were valued at $353,000,000 or $17,700,000 less than in February, 1925. This means that foreign demand for the products of our farms and factories is falling off, and if in future months the tendency is continued our industrial and employment situation is bound to be affected. Europe can now buy from us in large quantities only when we lend her the money to do so, and we have not in recent months been lending her so much. February also showed an excess of imports over exports amounting to $36,000,000. This is the first import surplus for February in many years. It was due in part to the falling off of exports, but also to a considerable increase in the value of imports attributable chiefly to high rubber prices. Import surpluses will eventually become a regular thing, if Europe is to pay us what she owes. A further sign that our foreign lending has diminished is the fact that this February we received $21,565,000 more gold than we shipped abroad, whereas last February we shipped $46,997,000 more than we received.

WE note with keen regret the resignation of Owen R. Lovejoy as General Secretary of the National Child Labor Committee. For twenty-two years he has been associated with the Committee, and for nineteen of those years has held his present post. The recent failure of the child labor amendment to the national constitution has doubtless caused many persons to overlook the progress made in those twenty-two years; yet it has been very great. When Lovejoy began, the general public hardly knew that such a thing as child labor existed. Today everybody knows about it, every state in the Union has some sort of law against it, and there is a federal bureau at Washington which devotes much of its time and effort to alleviating the worst evils. The failure of the constitutional amendment cannot be ascribed to a return of the attitude which prevailed in 1904. It was due in part to a recrudescence of the doctrine of states' rights; in part to fear by farmers that their own children would not be allowed to help them at home; and in part to Roman Catholic alarm lest the loosely-drawn wording of the amendment made possible the abolition of the parochial school. But the movement against child labor in general has a momentum which leaves no fear that it will not be successful.

IN the meantime, the failure of the amendment has reacted unfavorably both upon enforcement and upon the prospects for new legislation, in the states. Eleven of these now permit fourteen-year-old children to work nine to eleven hours a day; seventeen of them permit children of that age to work on dangerous machinery; eighteen states have no provision in regard to the physical fitness of the working child. Even in states where good laws are on the statute books, there is reason to believe that, in the present temporary mood of the country, they are not being enforced adequately. Mr. Lovejoy's long and devoted service has earned him, unquestionably, the right to retire; but this is far from meaning that his successor, Mr. Wiley H. Swift, who has been director of legislation and investigation for the Committee, will not find plenty of work on his hands.

IF, as is probable, it appears that the tax collections for the first quarter of 1926 under the new revenue act are but little smaller than those for the last year, we expect to see supporters of the administration stating that this is proof of Secretary Mellon's contention that lower rates on big incomes bring a larger yield. But why? Have rich men within the past month suddenly transferred their fortunes from tax-exempt securities to industrial stocks and bonds? Or has productive capital released by the lower income taxes of March 15, 1926, produced a larger national income in 1925 than in 1924? To ask such questions is to reveal the absurdity of the contention. The explanation is, of course, that on account of a variety of circumstances 1925 was a year of prosperity and big profits—more so than 1924. The real test of the new act will come in 1927 and later. It will be difficult for the Mellonites to prepare an alibi if the

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tax yield should be appreciably smaller next year through a slump in prosperity. In fact that would be a knockout blow to the assumption that tax reduction necessarily improves business and benefits the treasury at the same time.

THE passing of E. W. Scripps removes from journalism one of its most picturesque and interesting figures. While it is true that several years ago he withdrew from active participation in the management of the Scripps-Howard newspapers and other properties, the general policies now pursued by the twenty-eight newspapers, and by the news and editorial syndicates are those which he had hammered out in the course of a lifetime of activity. His great success came as a publisher of low-priced, popular dailies, small in size, condensed in treatment, relying liberally upon cartoons, comic strips and other "features." These papers have always been produced at small expense: elaborate buildings and mahogany desks have been avoided, and salaries have been kept down, though many of the editors, through stock participation, have become wealthy. As a result, most of the newspapers have become solidly entrenched without being obliged to depend so completely upon revenue from advertising as is usually the case. It is a familiar spectacle in journalism to see a publisher, liberal and fearless in his youth, grow timid and reactionary with advancing age and wealth; but E. W. Scripps, if anything, grew more drastic in his thinking as his vast fortune piled up. His constant fear was lest his papers might grow conservative through sheer hardening of the mental arteries; and he resisted any movement in that direction. His papers supported La Follette in 1924; they played a fine part in the exposure of the oil lease scandals and the Ohio Gang; and their Washington news service has been one of the most intelligently and unswervingly progressive in existence.

ON his 10,000-acre ranch near San Diego, or on board the yacht to which, like Joseph Pulitzer, he fled in his last days for the solitude and peace which had been denied him through forty stormy years spent in the rush and roar of newspaper offices, he entertained as his guests men from all quarters of the globe who had been reported to him as having real ideas. Not infrequently, he would bring such a guest, at his own expense, ten or fifteen thousand miles, squeeze the visitor's mind dry in a single protracted discussion and then dismiss him with an abruptness which is permissible only to kings and multimillionaires. Not all, of course, or more than a small part of this intense activity reflected itself in his papers. They are kept in strict touch with the common man; their editors live with nose to grindstone. However, it is always the popular axe, and not that of some special interest, which is ground. Of late, much has been written about the dangers of "chain-ownership" of newspapers, of which the Scripps string is an outstanding example, and which permits a single individual to dictate, to a large degree, the opinions of millions of his fellow-citizens. It is probably true that such power is greater than ought to be exercised by a single individual, no matter what his viewpoint. It is only fair to add that never has such power been exercised more completely in the public interest, and with less devotion to class or personal aims, than by Scripps.

A FEW days ago, a large advertisement appeared in metropolitan newspapers signed by The Nation's Business, the monthly magazine issued by the Chamber of Commerce of the United States. Under the title, Were You One of the 4,000,000? it proceeded to attack the record of the state-owned enterprises in North Dakota during the Nonpartisan League régime, summarizing for that purpose the statements made in articles in the March issue of the magazine. The contention of these articles, endorsed by the magazine, is that government operation won't work. The 4,000,000 persons referred to are those who voted for La Follette in 1924. The articles argue that the North Dakota experiment shows government ownership to be impracticable, that the 4,000,000 were wrong, and that the country should avoid a repetition of such attempts. "At this moment," says the advertisement, "the legislature of a great state is considering a similar housing plan; Congress is debating subsidized marketing on a grand scale and the operation of a gigantic power project." All of which should be rejected.

IN A subsequent issue of the New Republic we shall have something to say about the specific charges of failure against the North Dakota enterprises; at the moment we wish to point out the unfairness of the reference to Governor Smith's housing plan in New York state. It is typical of many other comments in rigidly conservative capitalistic quarters, where the attempt has been made to show that the enterprise is "socialistic." Sensible men should not be afraid of a phrase; but even if the connotation were as undesirable as The Nation's Business presumably believes, it would be undeserved in this case. The Smith housing plan is not an adventure in government ownership. It does not propose to lend state money for the houses to be built under it. It calls for private corporations which shall work under state supervision, and shall be clothed with the power of condemnation. It is true that a state housing bank would be set up which would issue bonds and lend the proceeds to the private corporations for their use: but that such machinery can by any stretch of the imagination be called an experiment in government ownership not even such a reactionary journal as The Nation's Business can maintain. The Port of New York Authority, now functioning successfully, which

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issues bonds and can own and operate terminal facilities, is far more socialistic. The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, hardly an exponent of radical theories, is supporting the housing proposal.

Prohibition Under Fire

THE popular vote which is now being taken by different groups of newspapers all over the country affords, we believe, a significant indication of the variations in opinion in different regions with respect to national prohibition. The cities, large and small, are overwhelmingly opposed to the Eighteenth Amendment and would like either to repeal or to modify it. The small towns and the country are apparently divided, but even in those regions, prohibition is less popular than has been generally believed. We suspect, however, that in this respect the ratios of the vote are not entirely representative. Probably the rural districts in two-thirds of the states would go dry by a considerable majority. The anti-prohibition tide in the cities is, however, so overwhelming that if the question of repealing or modifying the law were submitted to a national referendum, the larger number of voters would be recorded in favor. This indication of a clear and possibly a large anti-prohibition majority is something which we did not anticipate, but we see no reason to doubt its truth.

If this indication is true, the prohibition law will eventually be modified. It is emphatically unpopular, not merely with the inhabitants of a few large cities, but with a large majority of the urban population of the country. The prohibitionists may delay the modification of the Volstead act for some years, but in the end they cannot prevent it. For the urban population is increasing in number, while the rural is declining, not merely relatively but absolutely, and the city folks will eventually have their way. How soon they will have their way will depend upon the political aggressiveness of their opposition to prohibition. The politicians of both parties, except in a few states, would like to regard the question as closed. If they can help it, they will not allow it to become a matter of party contention, and they are, of course, dismayed at the prospect of any intrusions of the issue into a Presidential election. The modification of the law will have to be forced on them by the only argument which they never ignore. As soon as dry candidates, no matter with what party they affiliate, find it in the majority of cases more difficult to get elected to Congress than wet candidates, then before long the Volstead act, if not the prohibition amendment, will be modified.

In so far as the modification of prohibition becomes a matter of party politics, the enforcement of the Volstead act will become more than ever difficult. The major argument of the anti-prohibitionists always has been that the law cannot be enforced, and as the agitation for modification becomes more self-confident and successful, the systematic violation of the law will play an even larger part in the tactics of the wets. The only chance which the drys have to neutralize the argument is to forge an adequate mechanism of federal enforcement, and this they shrink from doing. If they continue to hesitate, they will eventually be beaten. They can no longer comfort themselves with the illusion that little by little the disobediences and opposition to the law will fade out. On the contrary it will, for the reason which we have just pointed out, certainly increase. The American people are refusing to accept prohibition as an accomplished fact to which they must gradually adapt their habits of life. If not a majority, certainly a huge minority have decided not to submit to it except in so far as the national government forces obedience on them. No doubt the national government is capable of stamping out a large part of the present consumption of bootleg liquor, but the task would require an over-riding of local opposition and an aggrandizement of federal administration from which the dry leaders draw back.

Their hesitation betrays the fundamental weakness of national prohibition as a method of dealing with the evils of the liquor traffic. The law has proved to be unenforceable chiefly for one reason. There are millions of ordinarily law-abiding American citizens who refuse to obey a command which condemns as a crime an act which under many circumstances is perfectly innocent and inoffensive. If the federal government mobilizes all its resources to coerce these citizens and succeeds, it will be regarded by them with feelings of suspicion and resentment. Its failure to enforce the law has already impaired its moral prestige. But its prestige will suffer quite as much in another way if it does its utmost to compel obedience. In fact the future of the federal government as an agent of social policy is involved and compromised by the attempt to nationalize prohibition. It has already set back for the space of at least one generation the desirable association between the federal government and the process of organizing social justice in the United States.

The dry leaders are confronted by a predicament from which they will not draw the obvious and sensible inference. They must either enforce the present law or allow it to be modified. They must either plunge forward or fall back. The conscious popular resistance to the Volstead act has discredited their plan of gradually absorbing total abstinence into the habits of the American people. As yet, however, they refuse to recognize the change in the political and moral status of prohibition, which has been brought about by the wide-spread and purposeful violation of the law.

Listen, for instance, to the editor of the Herald of Gospel Liberty, who is both a valiant prohibitionist and an intelligent mouthpiece of liberal evangelical Christianity. He is "amazed" that the New

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Republic should conceive of prohibition as a matter which involves any question of "personal conduct." The Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead act are, according to this authority, a "social adventure"—an attempt to suppress a traffic in liquor which has had so many disastrous social consequences. "The Church advocates prohibition wholly and only as a social remedy and a social cure." From this point of view, the old "threadbare" argument of "personal conduct and individual liberty becomes an absurdity." "Since when," he adds, "has society ever recognized as a principle of inherent right the liberty of any individual to indulge in any conduct which was a menace to society or that made him either a public nuisance or a public peril?" "In the light of this foundational principle . . . all this fulsome concern about the right of the individual drinker becomes ludicrous tommy-rot." Indeed this liberal Christian believes that "in the last analysis there is very little or none at all of what we are in the habit of designating as private conduct. Practically everything we do and absolutely everything we are has a significance to the common welfare of society." Presumably it would be a fair inference from this last statement that everything we do and are could, like the consumption of alcohol, properly become the subject of further "social adventures." That is, other acts of absolute prohibition.

It looks at the first blush as if the editor of the Herald of Gospel Liberty had stated with unnecessary absolutism the theoretical case for prohibition. The most dogmatic collectivist socialist could not have affirmed with fewer qualifications the righteousness of completely subordinating the individual to society. But perhaps this absolutism is forced upon him by the difficulties of securing obedience to the prohibition law. If total abstinence is to be forced on those American citizens who will not willingly submit to it, it will be necessary to justify an enormous aggrandizement of national authority at the expense of individual and local liberty. Granted his own premises, he overlooks, however, one missing link in the chain of reasoning. It is true, as he says, that the liquor traffic is a fitting and desirable subject of social regulation. It is entirely arguable that the federal government should participate in the work. But it does not follow that regulation should be considered equivalent to prohibition or that it is desirable to unload the difficulty of overcoming the local resistance to prohibition on the national government. Different forms of regulation demand different justifications and arouse different amounts and kinds of resistance. The New Republic was in the beginning doubtful but open-minded about national prohibition. Now after six years of trial it seems to us demonstrated that prohibition in the United States will not prohibit without an amount of ruthless and desperate coercion by the federal government which would invalidate its moral authority. Absolute prohibition arouses an intensity and tenacity of individual resistance which the state will ignore at its peril.

It was conceivable some years ago that a sufficient majority of the American people would reconcile themselves to compulsory abstinence and that the dissenting minority could be disqualified and submerged as disreputable. Such an outcome has ceased to be conceivable. The right of drinking liquids which contain a certain percentage of alcohol is for better or worse one of those rights which a majority of the American people will not voluntarily abandon. Prohibition instead of making the drinking of possibly intoxicating liquors disreputable has made the violation of the law respectable. Most regular fellows do it. Such is the result of bringing together in one sweeping condemnation all consumption of alcohol no matter how innocent in individual cases it may be. Those citizens who wish to assert their right to moderate drinking are obliged to make common cause with those citizens whose relations to the consumption of alcohol is personally and socially injurious. This condition will last as long as national prohibition lasts. It is the result of treating the consumption of alcoholic liquors as solely a matter of social policy and not at all as a matter of personal choice; and the only way to remedy it is to seek some method of regulating the liquor traffic without condemning the morally innocent and the guilty to the same privation and penalties. Other governments which have adopted methods of regulation have sought to separate injurious from uninjurious drinking. These methods are still a matter of experiment, and will also arouse troublesome individual resistance. The resistance will, however, be much more manageable if the law itself encourages moderate drinkers to obey it and coöperate in its enforcement rather than to participate in its violation.

The Dishonest Italian Settlement

TO Senators and others considering the settlement of the Italian war debt we beg to present a few facts and figures. These almost tell their own story. They are not private property; they or some very like them can be dug up by anyone who wants to take the time and trouble. Doubtless they were at the disposal of the American Commission which made the deal. They certainly were known to the Italians.

After the War there was virtually unanimous agreement among Italian economists and other experts that the foreign debt could not be paid unless means of payment could be derived from German reparations. This conclusion rested on a quantitative study of the facts; it was not merely a bargaining position. The final pressure to make a settlement arose after the first Fascist finance minister, de

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Stefani, had stopped further borrowing and a balanced budget was in sight. It had only one motive —to make possible further loans in America. These loans were desired on the part of the government to build up a gold reserve so that the lira could be stabilized at its new level, and by banks and industrialists so that easier credit could be obtained for business purposes. The foreign exchange position of the lira was so weak by 1925 that outside support had to be obtained. In June of that year a credit of $50,000,000 was secured in New York for the three banks of issue. This was made possible only by the understanding that the American debt would shortly be funded. Need for new borrowing, rather than an intention or desire to pay old debts, was the motive.

The settlement made calls for five annual payments of $5,000,000 each until 1930. After that date payments of principal begin at $12,100,000, rising at first by easy stages and later by larger jumps until in 1987 the payment on principal is to be $79,400,000. Interest payments begin in 1932 at ⅛ of 1 percent; they increase in 1940 and every ten years thereafter until in 1980 they reach 2 percent. The first payment was easily made out of the New York loan of $100,000,000 which was negotiated immediately after the settlement. The last payment of something over $80,000,000 amounts to over 10 percent of the total value of Italy's present exports to all countries.

Soon afterwards a settlement was made with Great Britain, by which Italy promised to pay £2,000,000 in the first year, £4,000,000 in the second and third, £4,250,000 from the fourth to the seventh, and thereafter £4,500,000 until 1988. Great Britain will therefore receive nearly four times as much as we in the first five years. For a few years longer she will receive slightly more. Then, if the payments continue, she will begin to receive less, until in 1980 she receives only one-quarter of the amount promised to us.

There are two ways to compare the settlements—one by estimating their "present value" provided payment is made in full, the other by a practical judgment as to whether the later amounts are likely ever to be paid. As to the present value, if you figure interest at 4½ percent, the British settlement is worth £83,000,000 and ours £104,000,000—not so much larger. If you take 6 percent the British value becomes greater than ours. In regard to the expectation of future payments the London Economist—a sober and careful authority—wrote "Annuities payable in America 50 or 60 years hence are paper figures, which are not taken very seriously on either side of the Atlantic." If payment should stop at the end of fifteen years Great Britain would have received, in cash, £61,000,000, and we £38,000,000. For further light on the chances of future payment we must take a look at Italy's financial situation.

Italy's public debt constantly grew from the time of the establishment of the Kingdom to 15,766,000,000 lire in 1914. Budgetary deficits were almost continual. On the average, the Italian government spent 600,000 lire beyond its income every day from the proclamation of United Italy until July 1, 1914. During the War and afterwards the domestic debt of course grew by leaps and bounds until in June, 1923, it reached a maximum at 95,544,000,000 lire.

The Fascist government put a stop to increase of borrowing either at home or abroad—until the recent American credits. Drastic financial reforms reduced the internal debt to 90,847,000,000 and cut the interest charges to a somewhat greater degree by funding part of the floating debt into bonds at lower interest rates. The same process can be continued, but only to a limited extent. The burden of the domestic debt on the budget is bound to remain extremely heavy for many years.

For the first year since the beginning of the War the budget showed on July 1, 1925, an excess of current revenue over expenditure to the small amount of 209,000,000 lire. At present rates that is about $8,000,000. This was accomplished by more prompt and thorough collection of taxes, reduction of the expenses of civil administration from 24,570,000,000 in 1921-22 to nearly half that figure, and a natural falling off of military expenditures connected with the War as normal conditions returned. Not much further progress may be expected in any of these directions. The expenditures for railroads, for instance, were reduced partly by deferring upkeep of equipment.

Thus with stabilization and a slight retirement of the internal debt, and by reducing expenses other than for interest on it, the Italian government has just managed to balance its budget. Could it then develop a surplus for payment abroad by increasing taxation?

The national government now levies income and profits taxes and a wide array of indirect taxes. It derives income from lotteries and monopolies. The local governments also tax heavily. It is reliably estimated that these taxes and other levies—those actually collected—take about one-fifth of the present national income. It is well recognized that it is easier to pay high taxes on a large income than on a small one. For this reason it is interesting to see that if we reduce the lira to its pre-war purchasing power, the national income is now about 13.3 billions as compared with 20 billions just before the War. Meanwhile the population has been growing. The income *per capita* is now about 38 percent less than before the War.

It is even more striking to compare the per capita income of Italy with that of other countries. Expressed in dollars of pre-war purchasing power the average in Italy is $75, in France $141, in Great Britain $258, and in the United States $388. If we subtract from the per capita income in each country a minimum necessary for subsistence—a very low

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minimum at that—and then compute what proportion of the remainder is collected for public purposes, we find that in Italy it is 38 percent, in France 29 percent, in Great Britain 27 percent, and in the United States 13 percent (before our recent tax reduction). If we thought 13 percent for domestic purposes a heavy burden, what chance is there of collecting from Italians, in addition to the 38 percent they are already paying, still more with which to pay us?

It must also be remembered that Italy is, more than any of the other nations in question, predominantly an agricultural country of small holdings. There is not so much of the concentration of wealth that arises from industrialism as in Great Britain or the United States. This makes it necessary to collect taxes from a great many small incomes untaxed in other countries—always a more difficult task. It also imperils the budget whenever there is a crop failure, as there often is.

If a budget surplus were available for large payments, it could be transferred to other countries only by means of an export surplus of goods and services. Of course it might be paid in gold if Italy had enough gold and to spare, but she has not. In the twelve months ending November, 1924, Italy imported 18,703,000,000 lire worth of goods and exported 14,176,000,000 lire, thus having a trade deficit of 4,527,000,000 lire. In the next year her foreign commerce grew appreciably. In the twelve months ending November, 1925, she imported 26,209,000,000 lire and exported 18,286,000,000 lire. What is noteworthy about this growth is, however, that the exports expanded only through a still greater expansion of imports, so that the deficit increased to 7,923,000,000 lire. Italy is enabled to meet such deficits—when she does not do so through borrowing—by "invisible" accounts such as the tourist traffic, the money sent back from foreign countries by immigrants, and the money brought back by returning immigrants themselves. We might conceivably furnish her a trade balance with which to transfer her debt payments by shipping millions of tourists annually to Venice, Florence and Rome, by revising our immigration laws in her favor, and by doubling wages of Italian laborers in this country. Otherwise it looks dubious.

If Italy could greatly increase her internal production in the course of years it would be possible to increase her tax yield. And if while doing so she could manage to produce greater and greater values of exportable goods without drawing on other nations for correspondingly greater values of imports, she might improve her trade balance so as to make transfer possible. The chances do not look favorable for either. Italy contains no deposits of coal or iron, and no appreciable deposits of other valuable resources. She can develop more hydro-electric power, but that has fixed limits. In order to manufacture she must import raw materials. This places her at a disadvantageous position with regard to costs. And it necessitates an increase of imports for every increase of exports. Her agriculture is already intensive. Furthermore her birth rate is high, so that there are an ever-increasing number of mouths to feed. Short of some revolution in methods of power production and manufacture which would give her a peculiar advantage there is little hope of Italy being even self-sustaining. We may perhaps put it that if some Italian scientist discovers how to release the energy of the atom and to transmute elements, and if he manages to keep these processes secret for the benefit of his countrymen, and if Italy begins a rigorous practice of birth control, she may be in a position to pay to us the amount she has promised by the 1980's.

There is, of course, a possibility that Germany will meet in full her reparation obligations. We have previously given our own reasons for doubting this. Even so, however, there would remain a balance of about $110,000,000 (present value) which Italy would have to pay out of her own resources to the United States and Great Britain. The chances are that when it becomes apparent that Germany is not going to pay, the Italian settlements will be drastically revised.

Meanwhile, though the private loan of $100,000,000 in New York will help Italy to stabilize the lira and restore the gold reserve, it creates new obligations for the Italian treasury. The gate is also opened for other foreign loans to Italian industry and local governments, which will increase the burden on her production and foreign trade. The question is whether under the circumstances such loans will sufficiently stimulate Italian production to be safe, even if the government war debt should be entirely cancelled.

Is it worth while to sanction a debt settlement which probably cannot be executed, and which those who made it know probably cannot be executed, in order to clear the way for private loans of doubtful security which, while they may strengthen the present dictatorship, must either be repudiated in the future or bear so heavily on Italian workers and peasants as to cause social unrest and international ill will?

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Andrew Mellon

THE most amazing figure in Washington today is that of Andrew W. Mellon—the aged, thin, faded, frightened, one hundred and thirty pound little man whose name is so curiously sainted in all sections of the country.

To the vast bulk of income tax payers—and it may as well be admitted now that for all practical purposes they run the country and the rest are sheep—Mr. Mellon is a hero. To those who pay in the higher brackets he is more than that—he is a sacred personality of whom it is sacrilege to speak save with reverent admiration. To all owners of rich newspapers with a few notable exceptions and to all bankers with almost no exceptions he is a great and shining character. For more than three years they have been constantly apprehensive lest he tire of his unselfish sacrifices, become exhausted by his Herculean labors, be annoyed by some Senate attack and resign his job in disgust, thus leaving the country in the lurch. An astounding number of substantial people can conceive at this time of no more devastating national calamity than the retirement of Mr. Mellon from the Coolidge Cabinet.

Of course Mr. Mellon has at no time given the slightest evidence of a desire to retire. The posted few are aware that Mr. Mellon is having a better time now than ever he had before, that his job is at once the most popular as well as the easiest ever tackled by a public man, and that the overwhelmingly favorable publicity he has had gives him huge pleasure. But none of these things will shake the popular convictions that he made a sacrifice in becoming Secretary of the Treasury. Nor will they weaken the idea that through an extraordinary exhibition of financial genius he has pulled the nation out of a bog and placed it firmly on its fiscal feet.

This article is not written with any idea of disparaging Mr. Mellon. While lacking the heroic and saintly qualities so widely attributed to him he has many admirable, and some really fine, characteristics. It is written with the idea of pulling him out of the clouds and getting him down on the ground where he can be seen clearly. It is written with the idea of presenting a real and not a ridiculous portrait of a good but not great public official who because of the glamor of his enormous fortune and his luck in taking office at a peculiarly propitious period, has got all out of proportion so far as the public view is concerned. It ought to be said that this is not Mr. Mellon's fault. A more modest man never held a public office and he is as incapable of promoting personal propaganda or performing in moving picture stunts in the way Mr. Coolidge has done at his Vermont home and elsewhere, as he would be of leaping lightly into the Potomac River. There is nothing cheap or false about Mr. Mellon. He is human enough to like public praise and is pleased even when most acutely embarrassed; but he has not consciously contributed to the magnified notion of himself so widely held. He has no press agents like the dashing Dawes and no sure-fire political tricks such as are second nature to the good Calvin.

Seven years ago, outside of the Pittsburgh district and in the more powerful financial circles, Mr. Mellon was relatively unknown. Today, all over the country men who never heard of Mr. Mellon before 1921 regard him as a financial genius and believe him to have made a wonderful record. Mention his name to a banker, a broker, a prosperous business man, a corporation lawyer, a high-bracket doctor and you will get an immediate and enthusiastic response. You will find they think more of Mellon than they do of Coolidge. They are for Mr. Coolidge to be sure. They think he ought to be backed up, that he is safe and can be counted upon to do nothing to unsettle conditions, but they do not think him great. Mr. Mellon, they do.

No little of all this is based on the unparalleled adulation and adoration of the newspapers which is in part a reflection of the attitude of the big business and banking interests with which they are allied, and in part due to the natural reaction of very rich men to the lovely idea of cutting their taxes first and most. It would be easy to dwell upon the methods by which the pedestal upon which the painfully shy Mr. Mellon has been uncomfortably perched was erected but there is not space here for that. A more interesting thing is to discuss the basis of his present-day sanctification, to examine the feats of finance upon which his reputation is founded and before which his predecessors seem pale and futile fellows. Before reciting them however it may be worth while to touch lightly the high spots of the Mellon career prior to his accession to the Cabinet.

In the first place he is distinctly not a self-made man. He did not, as did Schwab and Ford and Rockefeller and Frick and Carnegie and Hill and Harriman and a lot of others, start from scratch. He has been no pioneer nor trail blazer. It is doubtful whether he ever made an uphill fight in his life or ever engaged in a financial or business struggle in which the odds were not on his side. Most certainly they have been overwhelmingly with him in Washington. This is not to say that Mr. Mellon lacks courage; he does not. Nor is it fair to say that he could not make a successful uphill fight if he had to. I merely say that he has never had to, either before he became a public official or, most emphatically, since. Mr. Mellon did not create the great Mellon banks in Pittsburgh nor did he amass the first fifteen or twenty original Mellon

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millions. He inherited them. What gave the Mellon banks their pristine power was the fact that it was through them the great fortune of Henry C. Frick functioned. What Mr. Mellon did was to take his inherited millions and roll them into a great many more millions until now he is rated as perhaps the third or fourth richest man in the country and his business and banking interests are enormously wide, varied and vital.

Of course to achieve these things required judgment, decision, shrewdness, capacity and a certain amount of ruthlessness—of all of which qualities Mr. Mellon has his share—but it did not require either genius or greatness and no level-headed business man, if you separate him from his hagiolatry, will contend it does. What Mr. Mellon did for thirty or forty years was to take hold of business or banks inherently sound, sometimes slightly sick and sometimes entirely healthy, put in charge of them first-class men and put back of them the irresistible weight of his millions. It takes experience and intelligence to do that sort of thing but it does not take remarkable ability and it certainly does not take genius. Give any well equipped young business man complete control over twenty million dollars and if in thirty years he cannot turn it into a hundred million something has slipped. If he did nothing but sit still, watch his principal and reinvest his interest it would more than treble itself automatically in that time. There is no doubt that Mr. Mellon did a great job as a money piler and it is hard to exaggerate his power and dominance in the Pittsburgh district.

It was and is however entirely financial dominance, not in the least personal. Few men have lived a more sheltered and secluded personal life than he. Comparatively few people saw him in Pittsburgh. R. W. Mellon, his brother, was accessible and available, but not A. W. Surrounded by secretaries and relatives and right-hand men, he rendered the final decisions; but those who dealt with him direct were not many and his public appearances were extremely rare. His contacts were limited and his interests, outside of business, restricted. His shyness and seclusion made rather a mysterious figure of him out there and I am told it was the custom of Pittsburgh financial people to speak of him in whispers as "Mr. M." Up to the time he came to Washington no newspaper man had ever talked to him.

Who suggested him first to Mr. Harding I do not know; it may have been Penrose. There is reason to believe that the idea of offering him the Secretaryship of the Treasury was born of the fact that he was one of the largest individual contributors to that seven million dollar campaign fund of 1920 with which the snappy Mr. Hays in his go-getter, super-salesman, village cut-up style, broke all records for wastefulness. Up to the time of his appointment not only was the general public outside of Pittsburgh unaware of Mr. Mellon but so too were most of the editorial writers. During the Harding régime not a great deal was heard of Mr. Mellon's greatness. He served along in the Cabinet contentedly enough with Fall and Denby and Daugherty. The expenses of the government were automatically and swiftly receding from the war peak, the crumbling and dismantling of the war machine was gradually taking place and the systematic reduction of the national debt through sinking funds had begun. No sane person will attribute any of those things to Mr. Mellon any more than they would attribute to him the period of unparalleled prosperity which the country entered in 1922 and is still enjoying.

It was not until after Mr. Harding died that the notion about Mr. Mellon's greatness really began to take hold. The starting point was the appearance of the original Mellon bill in the latter part of 1923. While that measure bore Mr. Mellon's name it was not of course drawn or originated by him. The theory of tax reduction it embodied was, I believe, first conceived in a great New York bank, the bulk of the work was done by that extraordinary young man Parker Gilbert, and "Mr. M." first saw the bill in practically completed form. When laid before him he fully grasped the scheme, cordially approved of it and his comments and suggestions were intelligently helpful and constructive. Now the way in which the whole press of the country, including that section controlled by Mr. Hearst, and the financial interests down to the last little bank swung in behind the bill before it had been printed will always be one of the most remarkable things that ever happened in our country. They did not wait for details. Just as soon as they grasped the general idea they formed in line behind the bill, Mr. Mellon and Mr. Coolidge and there they froze with a solidity unique in political history. Incidentally they are still frozen in the same position and for much the same causes.

From the moment that first Mellon bill made its appearance and the phalanx formed, the election of Mr. Coolidge was a foregone conclusion. It made no difference what the Democrats did in New York. They could have had a love feast instead of a battle royal and the result would have been the same. The business interests without whose support no election can be won were unshakably "set" back of the Republican candidate. If the Democrats had exposed twice the rottenness they did they would have had no greater response from the people and no more reaction from the press. It got so, as Clinton Gilbert pointed out in his book, that a great New York newspaper with a reputation for independence was actually afraid to intimate that Daugherty was not an ornament to the national service for fear it might in some way detract from the Coolidge influence in Congress and thereby diminish the chances of the Mellon bill. Of course the bill was completely rewritten by the Democrats and Progressives, the publicity provision inserted and the cut on the big incomes kept at 40 percent

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instead of the 25 proposed by the Treasury. However taxes were reduced all along the line and the credit curiously enough went to Mr. Mellon and Mr. Coolidge and the blame to the Democrats and Progressives whose bill it was in the end.

At the present session the Democrats having caved in under the pounding of the press and the pressure of the business interests another bill was framed, presented and this time passed without being revamped. The cut on the great incomes is from 40 to 20 percent instead of the original 25 proposed last time and the rates are reduced on the smaller incomes though not in quite that proportion. The White House spokesman and the Republican organs are now enabled triumphantly to proclaim that under this administration the national debt has been greatly reduced, the foreign debts, except France's, funded and income taxes slashed twice. It seems an impressive record. It sounds like a marvelous performance. If under Mr. Mellon all these things were accomplished he must indeed be the greatest of all Secretaries of the Treasury, a veritable financial genius. Perhaps he is but what are the facts?

The fact is, as before mentioned, that Mr. Mellon's job has been decidedly the most popular and undoubtedly the easiest of any public man in a generation. To reduce taxes when expenditures are in excess of revenues is unquestionably a difficult proposition. That takes genius, but to reduce taxes when revenues are vastly in excess of expenditures, when surpluses mount so rapidly and so high that the most optimistic estimates of the financial minister are always too small—to reduce taxes under those circumstances does not, I submit, take genius. Those are exactly the circumstances under which Mr. Mellon and Mr. Coolidge have reduced our taxes. Nor is there any sound base for the claim—in fact none is made—that they are responsible for the great increase in revenues and the decrease in expenses. Plainly the first is due to the amazing prosperity of the country and the other to the automatic and inevitable change from a war to a peace basis in the government, which started under Mr. Harding and has not yet quite been completed. It may be that had Mr. Mellon been confronted with such financial problems as exist in France, in Germany or in England he could have found a way out —could have balanced their budgets, funded their debts and cut taxes besides. It is possible he could have done those things but he has never had any such chance, or been subjected to any such test. All he has had to do is to sit still and let the sinking fund reduce the debts, applying in addition such surpluses as are available after the tax reductions. As for the tax reductions, a financial boob could have reduced taxes under the same conditions. There was no way out of it.

Concerning the foreign debts: certainly it required no genius to effect these settlements. European nations owing us far more than they can ever pay found themselves in a situation of having to make a paper settlement with us before they could negotiate in New York the private loans necessary to keep their heads above water. So they came over and all, save France, signed on the dotted line after an interchange of much polite flub-dub and palaver. Eventually France will sign, too. There is nothing else to do. And as a matter of fact Mr. Mellon had far less to do with these settlements than is imagined.

If besides these three things—tax cuts, debt reduction and foreign funding—all of which must be conceded as both easy and inevitable, there is any distinguishing policy or outstanding achievement in Mr. Mellon's conduct of the Treasury Department no one has mentioned it. He has himself repeatedly stated that he has inaugurated no policies of his own, that he is merely carrying out the sound policies of his two Democratic predecessors, Houston and Glass. That view would of course be indignantly rejected by those who insist upon regarding Mr. Mellon as the greatest of all Secretaries, but it happens to be Mr. Mellon's own view and it also happens to be in strict accord with the facts, which, it ought to be said, is usually the case with Mr. Mellon's views.

All these things are not presented with the idea of minimizing Mr. Mellon as a man or belittling him as a public official. He grades up fairly well as both. If the newspapers, the bankers and the super-Babbitts would just stop trying to make the rest of us believe in spite of our reason that Mr. Mellon has single-handedly saved us from the financial rocks and that he has dealt with our fiscal affairs after the manner of a genius, those of us who revolt against the general loss of perspective in talking and writing about Mr. Mellon are prepared to yield him a considerable amount of admiration. For instance while it is perfectly true that in neither power of mind, breadth of experience nor depth of knowledge does he compare with Herbert Hoover it is equally true that in all three he excels Mr. Coolidge. It has been frequently said in Washington that Mr. Coolidge has every one of the small virtues but not one of the big ones. I am not so sure about Mr. Mellon and the smaller virtues but there is no question about his possession of some of the big ones—courage, for instance, and loyalty, and decision and generosity and genuine modesty, and the instinctive courtesy of a gentleman born.

Last year about the time that Senator Couzens's attacks on Mr. Mellon in the Senate were at their height both Senator and Mrs. Couzens and Mr. Mellon and his daughter were invited to dine at a well known house in Washington. After the invitations were out the hostess was tremendously worried over the possibility of having done a rather dreadful thing in inviting these two men, so bitterly hostile, to the same dinner party. The day before in the Senate Couzens had made a particularly vio-

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lent attack on the Secretary. It was too late to do anything but she was all a-tremble.

Mr. Mellon was first to arrive at the dinner. When Senator and Mrs. Couzens appeared Mr. Mellon went clear across the room to greet the Senator with a cordial handshake and ask to be presented to Mrs. Couzens. He next brought up his daughter and after introducing her made himself so agreeable to Mrs. Couzens that she later lamented the fact that "Jim always has to fight with the people I like." Now Mr. Mellon did not act that way with any idea of propitiating Senator Couzens. He was not inspired by the same sort of thing that leads Mr. Coolidge to invite influential newspaper proprietors down on the Mayflower. He behaved that way because he is a gentleman and for no other reason.

And he is not only a gentleman—he's a man. He showed that soon after he took office under Mr. Harding. About the first thing Mr. Harding did was to place in the Treasury Department as an Assistant Secretary, one Elmer Dover from Ohio. He was entirely typical of the Ohio gang and he was put in the Treasury Department as the personal representative of the President for the sole purpose of handling the appointments and attending to the practical political end. As soon as he grasped the idea Mr. Mellon let Mr. Harding know that if this Elmer person stayed he would go, that if he stayed Elmer would go. It is unnecessary to say that Elmer went and went quickly and that there have been no Elmers of any sort about the Department since. He is a partisan Republican but he is not a politician and he has no patience with small political tricks and turns.

His outlook is restricted and his experience has all been along one limited line. He is incurably convinced that if the great business interests of the country are protected and encouraged, the masses of the people will be benefited automatically and everything will be lovely. That is the inherent and traditional Republican doctrine and Mr. Mellon believes in it naturally. Therefore when he advocates a tax-reduction measure the chief feature of which is a cut in the highest surtax, while he more than almost any other individual benefits by the reduction, that is not his reason for proposing it. It is a matter of conviction, not of selfishness with him. He sincerely believes the welfare of all is best promoted by the protection of the few.

In the first paragraph of this article Mr. Mellon was referred to as a frightened man. It was not meant by that to intimate that he is cowardly, because that is not the truth. He is frightened of publicity, of public appearances, of public controversies, of newspapers, of newspaper men, of politicians, of a lot of things. When he first came to Washington Mr. Mellon's shyness was too great to be exaggerated. At his early conferences with newspaper men he was practically inarticulate. Last December before the Ways and Means Committee he was so shy that his reading of his long prepared statement was almost unintelligible and when he was through and the Committeemen started to ask him questions he looked appealingly and pathetically around for the alert Mr. Winston who quickly stepped forward and answered for him. It is said by those who know him best that Mr. Mellon has no difficulty in expressing himself fluently enough to one or two persons but that more than that number flusters and frightens him. To newspaper men who get to him individually with a question he invariably tells the truth and tells it frankly and they like and respect him.

None of them however thinks he made any real sacrifice in becoming Secretary of the Treasury. What possible sacrifice was it for him at his age with more millions than he can count, more income than he can possibly spend, to stop making money? What else is there in life for a man like Mr. Mellon except some sort of public honor and service? For him to enter the Cabinet was a great opportunity—the best he ever had. In spite of his shyness and in spite of the silly eulogies of the newspapers, he has enjoyed it more than anything else in his life.

Another way in which Mr. Mellon differs from Mr. Coolidge is that while his training has been exclusively along money lines he was for thirty years before he came to Washington accustomed to dealing in big figures. They do not frighten him. Mr. Coolidge on the other hand up to the time he became President had had a piddling little career in which nothing big ever touched him. He mounted from one small political office to the other and docilely followed the late Murray Crane, the biggest individual with whom he had contact. (In a foreword to a recently published life of Mr. Crane, I am told, Mr. Coolidge refers to him as a great spiritual force in the upbuilding of the nation, which will make some of the warmest friends of the late Senator think the book is about someone else.)

No sketch of Mr. Mellon is complete without reference to his love and appreciation of the beautiful, in which again he is in contrast to his noble chief, who cares nothing whatever for art, music or the drama and whose sole interest is politics. To Mr. Mellon beautiful pictures have a tremendous appeal. His collection is not large but it is fine and rare. This streak in him makes him something more than merely a big banker. It is indicative of something fine in his nature which harmonizes with his look of a poet and a dreamer, and makes him seem anything but the typical hard-boiled man of many millions. There is in his face a look of sadness hard to put into words. He is now over seventy years old, fragile and worn. Perhaps if he were twenty years younger and a great financial crisis confronted the nation he might prove himself a really great Secretary of the Treasury. No one can tell.

FRANK R. KENT.

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Confessions of an Ex-Psycho-Analyst

WHEN my partner and I decided to turn from our ordinary practice of medicine to analysis, it was not on a sudden impulse. I shall leave for a medical confessional the task of describing the doubts that invade the doctor's prescriptions; suffice it to say we shared enough of them to be more than anxious to supplement our ignorance by any new technique that promised to throw light on the general subject of therapy. For years we had followed the literature of analysis, beginning, of course, with Freud; and in earnest groups of practitioners and students with the same interest we had analyzed our own and each other's dreams, tentatively tried the methods upon certain of our patients and arrived at several working hypotheses. From the first there was no lack of patients. Thanks to the public craze concerning the subject, a professing analyst's time was pretty well filled. We began by charging only a relatively modest fee, but as the number of patients desirous of analysis and able to pay for it increased, the scale of charges was naturally raised. For conscience sake, I continued to take a certain number of cases gratis, and in fact every analyst of my acquaintance does a good deal of work gratuitously. But the fees charged to the wealthier patients more than made up for the loss. In a word, on the ground of income, I had no cause to regret the change over from medicine to analysis.

The character of my new practice differed sufficiently from the old to provide an enormous impetus of fresh interest. Cases I should have treated before as malingering now became matters of psychological concern. Cases that would never have sought or been recommended a doctor began to crowd upon me. It is by no means true that more than the usual proportion were women. Women certainly occupied a much longer time in analysis than men; but men were relatively quite as disposed as women to try the new treatment. I naturally did not forget my former medical experience, and in many instances my practice of analysis was virtually little more than an unusual form of diagnosis followed by the usual prescriptions and recommendations. It was undoubtedly the case that the novelty of the method made for a different relationship between the doctor and the patient, and that in consequence an enhanced authority was lent to my advice; but I repeat, in a considerable number of instances the whole procedure differed only slightly from one's former conduct as family doctor or medical consultant.

A second class of patient whom I classified for myself as just unfortunate came almost equally within the old procedure, except in so far as the advice offered was bound to cover a wider field. In numerous cases, for instance, the real cause of the trouble lay in external circumstances pure and simple. There was a tyrannical old father or senior business partner, or drunken husband or son, or erring wife or daughter, or one or another of the thousand ills that human relations are heir to; and the advice sought in such cases was not, strictly speaking, medical nor can it be said technically to be analytic. It was in fact the sort of understanding advice that any friendly and experienced person could give if he were fully informed of the facts and could afford to take the trouble to pass judgment on them. A very great deal of analytic practice is really no more than confidential consultation followed by sage counsel; and in these instances, though analysis takes the credit of the cures, its only contribution is the establishment of a more intimate and general relationship between the patient and his physician.

It is necessary to stress this point, since in the end it was in part this condition that led me to abandon analysis and to return to my former methods.

There is no doubt whatever in my mind that the popularity of analysis was due in the first instance to the need of many people for a friend in counsel. The majority of us, at one time or another, find ourselves in a hole or up against it; and, in the absence of anybody who commands both our respect and our confidence to talk it over with, we suffer and survive or suffer and go under as the case may be. Catholics, of course—at least where the priest is competent, which he seldom is—have access to the friendly confessional. They may not get explicit advice but they obtain the relief of airing their troubles and hearing how they sound in the ears of an unprejudiced authority. But to whom can the business man, the family man, the mother, the daughter, not Catholic by training, go with their troubles without fear of breach of confidence and in the hope of receiving sound advice? Nobody can set up to act in this capacity, though anybody who has lived in a small community knows of individuals who play this part by natural adoption. It was therefore not surprising that the first analysts who were understood to be professionally so engaged immediately found themselves embarrassed by patients.

This was well enough for a while; and for a year or so it interested me to listen and to try to understand the cases of circumstantial difficulty opened before me. Often enough the applicant himself or herself knew perfectly well what to do; and all that was needed was a reinforcement of courage that a doctor could easily supply. In some cases, interviews with other members of the disturbed group were obviously desirable; and I would make it my business to see them. Still again, and with various possible avenues of occupation or travel at my disposal, I would "arrange matters" to provide a tem-

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porary or even permanent change in the distressing situation. Such an enormous field is open to a friendly counsellor who at the same time has a variety of "pulls" at his command that literally an analyst might spend a full and useful life in merely adjusting the minor maladjustments of the community about him. But what about the fees? I am loth to discuss the subject upon this low level; but the fact is that this particular kind of practice is anything but profitable. That it is useful, where the analyst is also an influential and experienced person, I have no doubt. Modesty forbids that I should say how many dozens of lives I have readjusted to at least their immediate satisfaction (complete and lasting satisfaction is beyond any mere therapy). But in proportion as the cases could be partially dealt with, they were soon over, and the fees were, therefore, in indirect ratio with the benefits rendered.

Fortunately or unfortunately, there were two other classes of cases which not only offered greater resistance to treatment, but at the same time fell specifically within the professed province of analysis. I shall not use the technical language of analysis—which, indeed, is one of its most astonishing phenomena—but describe them in popular language as the demented and the morbid. The former include the active cases of mania, phobia and the like; while in the latter I include only the strange, the highly strung, the abnormal, but in their less obviously distressing or dangerous forms. Heaven knows I have no intention of underrating the amount of suffering involved in these disorders; but I have grave doubts whether the apparently exact vocabulary of analysis has done much more than give them new names. Infinitely more knowledge than we at present possess of the structure of the nervous system would be necessary to substantiate the accuracy of the majority of analytic presumptions.

At the outset, my colleague and I took the greatest possible interest in the cases of the first kind. They were those we had had in mind as the material proper to the technique of analysis; and they challenged, as it were, both our competence and our faith. After every interview with such patients we discussed and discussed our treatment, the new problems opened up, the new techniques we could employ, and the questions to be referred to more experienced practitioners, ascending up to Freud and Jung. There were certainly a few astonishing cases of comparatively rapid and as far as we knew, permanent cures; but in the review it was impossible to be sure to what we were indebted for them. On the other hand, the majority of cures presented such difficulty that any one of them would have served as a subject of study for years. Every technique, propounded by the authorities, recommended by the profession, or elaborated by ourselves, seemed at one time or another to succeed or fail without rhyme or reason; and at no time, I may say, was anything approximating the infallible so much as glimpsed. Every new case was virtually unique, however closely its symptoms appeared to run according to type.

Before continuing the story of my abjuration of the faith, let me remark briefly on the second class of analytic patients, those I have called the morbid. Unlike the former, their lives had not yet completely broken down. With greater or less, though usually with increasing difficulty, they were still "functioning." The breakdown was only threatening. With nothing, so to say, solid to work upon, such cases really offered the greatest difficulty; and here, if anywhere, the whole range of the analytic technique was called into play. To begin with, since the "disease" had not yet become overt there was danger in the suggestion of it. Again, and for the same reason, there was reluctance to admit and reluctance to press for the most intimate facts of the case. Finally, it was hopelessly impossible (for me at least) to be certain of my deductions from the fragmentary and incoherent manifestations of my patients' "unconscious." Nor, I may add, was much confidence to be derived from discussion with my analytic confrères. The same dream would often receive as many interpretations as there were interpreters present; and significantly enough, all would sometimes prove to be wrong when compared with the authoritative interpretation of Jung himself or Freud. It was these cases, nevertheless, that provided the best experimental practice in analysis; and it was thanks chiefly to them that analysis "paid."

Comparatively early it began to dawn upon me that the technique as described in the text-books was only, at best, an aid to something else, namely, the establishment of a very special and intimate relation between doctor and patient. I have already remarked that the novel attitude of professional friend made confidences easier for the patient even in purely medical matters to say nothing of the practical cases of the second large category. But in the analytic cases proper this novel relationship not only assumed infinitely greater importance, but came to appear as the condition precedent of any subsequent effective treatment.

Reviewing the various instances of success and failure, there appeared to be one constant factor in all of them: the sympathy or antipathy between the doctor and the patient, and the degree of its intensity and intimacy. I am not pretending that this conclusion was soon arrived at. On the contrary, I explicitly disclaimed any personal attitude; and fought for the objectivity of the technique. Nevertheless, I could not fail to be surprised from time to time by my own conduct as regards certain patients, as well as by the reports of some of my fellow practitioners and their patients. "Transference" is (or was regarded in those days) the sine qua non of a complete analytic cure; and when the word is reduced to practical fact, it means no less than that the patient must fall in love—romantically, senti-

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mentally, or hero-worshipfully—with his or her doctor. At this point it would obviously be possible to open a volume of recollection; but let it be sufficient to say that, gradually but surely, all my analytic technique came to be subordinated or directed to one thing: to producing in my patient the utmost degree of admiration, fear, worship, love—call it what you will. That I succeeded in many instances goes without saying. In fact, success was often as easy as falling off a tree. And, for a while, the feeling of power was flattering in the extreme; and the more so when the initial resistance to the surrender had appeared to be resolute. What pride was in it an analyst need not trouble to disguise!

I should doubtless have continued in the path for much longer than I did but for several unpleasant realizations. The first was the realization that it *was* "love," and not just friendly confidence that was inspired. For some time the feeling was disguised as a rule; but eventually it came out in its true colors. I was not supposed to be at all embarrassed by the successful "transference." It was one of the familiar and routine phenomena of the technique. But all the same I felt myself extremely embarrassed by the "unprofessionalism" of the relation, by the lurking suspicion that I was really responsible for it—had, in fact, been making love under cover of analysis—and, even more, by the difficulties the situation created for me. To say nothing of my wife, who was herself an amateur analyst and therefore doubly suspicious, some of my patients became jealous of each other in relation to my time and attention. They would ring me up at all hours of the day and night on the pretense of an urgent need of my reassuring voice. Life became exceedingly difficult. And the worst of it was that I knew of no technique within the sphere of analysis to undo the work of transference. In vain I consulted all the Hoyles within reach. They were up against the same problem and fared no better than myself. One and all, in different degrees, their women patients were a personal as well as a professional problem.

This realization gave me, when I at last clearly arrived at it, a disagreeable shock. But it was only the precursor of another and greater and more unpleasant conclusion, namely, that any "cure" I could effect would be by chance and not by science. One case in particular was most illuminating; and I took a more than usual interest in it from the fact that the patient was a family friend, a girl engaged to be married. Her trouble was really vanity. She could not tolerate the possibility of children from fear of spoiling her boyish figure; yet she had no wish to remain single. I listened to her for a few weeks and tried to make her see what were in fact her operative motives; but, being unsure of my competence in the case, I advised her to see another analyst. To this analyst she quickly made a transference of a sufficient degree to lead her to break off her engagement; to which action he, on his part, as quickly responded by advising her to go to the greatest of the analysts. For some months she was abroad, and when she returned she was a wreck. To this day she has recovered neither her health nor her spirits, though she continues, poor thing, to speak of her analysts in affectionate and respectful terms. I do confess I was horrified; and that my faith was shaken and even shattered. Had the failure been mine alone, it would have been wretched but not devastating. But the best authorities had only succeeded in making the original trouble ten times worse.

I came to ask myself with recurrent spasms of apprehension: Can I promise a cure in any circumstances? Allowing that cures were sometimes effected—were the conditions known? Could the technique be guaranteed—assuming, of course, its competent employment? To these questions I found myself finally compelled to return a negative answer; and with this my career of analyst was at an end.

(This is the third in a series of anonymous confessions, in which men and women in various occupations are giving their spiritual or professional autobiographies. Another will be published soon.)

Washington Notes

SOME TIME or other some issue or leader may arise to make these Democratic and Republican labels mean something again in the Senate and in the country. Their complete lack of significance at this time is to me the outstanding thing about this session of Congress, although not a great deal of attention has been called to it. It was very different last time. Then we were heading into a Presidential campaign and the oil scandals, the first Mellon tax bill, the charges against Daugherty and Denby and various other little things lined the Republicans up on the defensive and solidified the Democrats and Progressives as the attacking side. Roll calls in that session revealed party lines not only as clear and distinct, but as still possessing a certain binding force except upon one or two jack-rabbit Senators so constituted that the only recognition they can ever give of a fence is to jump it.

I know that for a good many years it has been the custom of political writers and public speakers to proclaim that party lines no longer hold as they once did and to assert that there is no longer any real difference between the two great parties. That has been true enough for some time so far as issues and principles are concerned, but it has not been true at all so far as party leadership and party lines are concerned either in the country or in Congress. The bulk of the voters still continue to cast their ballots according to their inherited or selected party and in every state legislature and in every Congress party lines have divided the membership into two well disciplined groups—Democrats and Republicans. In Congress bills have been passed or killed by one party or the other and the little band of Progressives have had to choose whether to throw their strength to the Democrats or to the Repub-

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licans. In the last session this meant that the Progressive bloc formed the balance of power between the two party groups and this made possible the re-writing of the tax bill, the ousting of Denby, the investigation of Fall and Daugherty and a number of other more or less interesting and important matters.

But the whole face of things has changed now. It is no longer possible for the Progressives to hold the balance of power because there is nowhere to throw their weight. The so-called minority has completely cast away its character and lost its stability. For that matter so has the majority party in the Senate. The roll calls of this session are the most convincing proof that the party lines on both sides have been wiped out. On every bill upon which a vote is taken, on every amendment—the Muscle Shoals roll calls are the best and most recent examples—as many of one party will be found on one side as on the other. Neither side follows its leaders and no one ever knows definitely whether a vote in the Senate on any question is carried or lost until the last name is called and all the pairs announced. There is in the Senate these days no leadership whatever on the Democratic side and mighty little on the Republican side. The body as a whole has become helter-skelter and personal and private reasons have more weight and parties less in determining votes than ever before. The only group with any appearance of solidity is the Progressive group which notwithstanding the loss of its leader has sufficient political convictions left to insure a fairly solid line-up on the liberal side of every question where the issue is clearly drawn.

Not the least interesting thing to me in this breakdown of party lines in the Senate and, as Little Bob La Follette pointed out the other day, the mixing of Democratic and Republican Senators up into one party without any sense of direction instead of two parties going in opposite directions, is that the breakdown has not extended to the House —except on the tax bill. On that measure the Democratic party leadership "ran out" on the party rank and file without excuse or reason. Such defense as was offered in that instance for surrender to the Republicans was lame and inadequate but still understandable. They just did not have the fortitude and force to stand up against the inevitable pounding they felt sure would come from the great newspapers of the country should they as a party dare to oppose the Mellon bill again, on the passage of which the whole world of big business and high finance had set its heart. They surrendered on that it is true, but on other issues and on other bills the Democrats in the House have held together pretty well. House roll calls show what Senate roll calls no longer show—a party division. On a House vote the result is always a foregone conclusion because the majority party under the Longworth leadership is as solid as a rock. There is here no helter-skelter voting upon the part of party people. They toe the mark, answer their names and vote under orders just as they did in the good old days.

Of course the Democratic leadership in the House as in the Senate has gone all to pot and of course too the Democrats have just as little in the way of principles, policies and issues in one as in the other. However, the pretense is better preserved on the House side. The Cordell Hulls and the Oldfields there still talk about Democratic principles and still oratorically assail the Republican party and still vote more or less as a unit against the organization line-up of the other side. It does not to be sure mean anything and it does not to be sure get anywhere, but to some extent at least it is saving of face; whereas on the Senate side the Democratic leaders have made no effort of any sort to save their faces and they have certainly not been saved.

While on this subject of House leadership I may as well mention the pretty well known but not widely advertised fact that Floor Leader Tilson is not at all happy over the obscurity into which he has been forced by the neat, complete and constant way in which Speaker Longworth supplies direction, guidance, advice and commands to the House machine. That was not Mr. Tilson's idea of how things would work out when he was made floor leader, but it was Mr. Longworth's idea of how they would work out. It was the Longworth idea that he would become Speaker and retain the floor leadership too. Anyhow, that is exactly what he has done and Mr. Tilson is doing about as much real leading over there as is being done in the Senate. Which is none at all.

Senators and department heads and Cabinet officers who want to expedite through the House their little bills or who want to put a crimp in somebody else's little bill or who want to tack on an amendment here or grab off an appropriation there do not confer with Mr. Tilson. They go straight to Nick knowing full well that Nick is in a position to deliver the goods and that Tilson is not.

All of this I am told makes Tilson more than a trifle sore and more than a trifle sulky, but there is not a single thing he can do about it. He cannot even get mad with Nick personally because nobody does that and besides that would only make matters worse. The other day the President sent for Mr. Tilson to indicate to him his hope that Congress would hold down on appropriations and that summons soothed the feelings of Mr. Tilson quite a lot. It enabled him to give out an interview to the newspapers recalling to the public mind that he really is the titular House leader, but it did not mean much. Mr. Coolidge knows and so does everybody else here that if the President is genuinely anxious about House action he like the rest of them will have to talk to Nick. Talking to Tilson was just a gesture upon the President's part.

Incidentally poor Tilson's interview involved him in a debate with the astute Mr. Garner the next day in the House from which he did not emerge with many laurels. Mr. Garner whose close friendship and coöperation with Longworth is a very great asset to the latter and, in the judgment of many, a corresponding liability for the Democrats, got Mr. Tilson in a hole as to what the President really meant by urging Congress to cut down on appropriations. He finally got Mr. Tilson to concede that if the appropriations were within the budget figures the President would have to be satisfied and could not justly blame Congress. That admission I think will come back to plague

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Mr. Tilson in the next campaign because by that time the fake in the Coolidge economy claims will have been better demonstrated than at present and the significance of the fact that the Congressional appropriations have been —and will be this time—a good many million dollars under the budget figures will begin to soak into the public mind. At least let's keep on hoping.

T. R. B.

Washington.

Art and the Frame

THE authoritative note in criticism is universal, though no one has ever justified it. And in fact authority goes no further than prestige. What the critic says is good enough for those who accept him, and is unimportant for those who do not. But men long for something more than this. They have an irrational desire to be right even when rightness makes no sense, and the feeling persists that æsthetic judgments are somehow susceptible of warrant. The thesis of this paper is that in so far as the work of art is dealt with as within the frame and apart from the world in which we otherwise live, no criticism is possible that should have more authority than the "I like it" and "I don't like it" kind. A work of art is related to the general current of life, there is an adjustment between the two things, and the authority of criticism depends on the recognition of this adjustment. The work of art taken by itself is entirely immune. This view is in contradiction to all that the best people hold upon the subject, but since the best people are not able to proffer one rational word to justify their notions, we need not take them very seriously.

To illustrate the way in which adjustments of what exists within and what exists without the frame make up the wholeness of the work of art, and so lay the basis for criticism, I shall take the instance of a movie picture with which most readers of the New Republic are familiar. The Last Man is the story of a superannuated porter who, when stripped of his gorgeous livery and given a humble task, shrinks terribly in the sense of his importance. He attempts to regain his dignity by stealing his splendid coat, and hopes to save his face, at least among his own people, but the coat, when everybody knows it to be not really his, affords no protection, and in despair he puts it back. The play is admirably acted and produced. Apparently it is complete in itself, but in what sense? That is the important question.

In itself the story is just a comic one, a story of absurd, pompous self-delusion. It is so taken by almost all the other characters in the drama. It is possible to differ with them and to be moved to sympathy with the old man, but this is sentimental. Taken in one way he is not a poor old man, but a rich and prominent actor, the best, perhaps, on the movie stage. Taken in another way he is only a fiction. But if instead of taking it in isolation, we set the play into the context of life, the thing at once becomes real in an important sense—it becomes expressive tragedy.

Of course this setting in the outer world must not be by way of moralizing. If one were to preach a sermon and point to the millions, from kings and captains to proletarians and tramps, who have their more or less gorgeous livery, and who would shrink lamentably if they were deprived of their trappings, moral, political, or social, one would get away from the play and from art altogether. But if, instead, we take the pictured characters as the expression of a mass of fact existing environmentally, and which though it is not shown in the frame is what sustains the part that is so shown, we do not really go outside the picture, but we do really account for what we find within it. Philosophers have often asked how a play when taken by itself can be comic or tragic, and the simple answer is—it can't. Tragedies and comedies are our appreciations of real experience, and they derive not from art but from life. Even the sentimental falsities of art have their sentimental grounds in other activities. Art, when it is taken to mean only what appears within the frame, is a far more limited thing than this.

The character of art when taken within the limitation of the frame is valuable, but it is not the character that justifies the extreme seriousness with which art is so commonly regarded. It has two forms—slapstick, and the pure æsthetic. Before these types of art, criticism is helpless. Whatever amuses amuses, and to say that one should not be amused when, in fact, one is amused, is to go beyond the matter that amuses, for a criterion. I have all my life been looking for some good reason why one *ought* to be interested in art, or should prefer good art to bad, but beyond such reasons as that art does less harm than alcohol or gambling, I have found no reason whatever within the limits of the usual discussions. What is commonly said, though often disguised in pseudo-profundities, is that the best people do so-and-so, and that every one should do the same. In short, the appeal is to authority.

But let us break away now from the absurd and false convention that art is to be treated as a thing entirely within the frame. Let us cease to consider what is played on the stage, printed within the covers of a book, or enclosed within a rectangle of gilded wood, as something to be taken separately. Let us rather look on it as part of a larger whole, the part that is emergent to clear view, but which is not a self-subsisting thing. In that case we can get rid of a word that has helped many a critic to explain himself, though perhaps not too intelligibly, the word "verisimilitude." Self-consistency, in fact, means almost nothing. It is a pulling-up of oneself by one's own bootstraps. The real consistency is just the continuity of that which is within the frame with that which is without. Even the drama of escape, the fantasy evasion of reality, is continuous with a dream-life that makes up so much of men's quasi-reality. By taking things in this way words like poise, dignity, sincerity, truth and their contraries, get real meaning, and cease to be the expression of a pretended pure reaction to an absolute work of art.

The work of art is very like one leaf in Japanese screens, which in itself a perfect composition, is also part of the composition of the whole screen. The screen as a whole stands for the world of things, all kinds of things inanimate and animate, ideas, feelings, anything whatever that can come to be expressed. Art as the criticism of life depends on this relation, for through it art criticizes life, and life criticizes art. To take art seriously without taking seriously the life to which art refers, is to be false to art and false to life. The triviality of art is correlative with its detachment.

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This lies in the direction of slapstick and æstheticism, and of these æstheticism is the more trivial since it is just slapstick for the refined. The prevailing attitude toward the classics is of this sort, and specially the notion of the classics as a standard. Standard of what, in Heaven's name? Standard of Deportment—only that and nothing more.

Art can count as it is commonly supposed that it should count, only if there is a 100 percent change in our views of it. We must get over the delusion that a talent for expression is other than a mere talent for expression, or that what is good for collectors of first editions is necessarily good for something else. Slapstick and æstheticism, I repeat, are the same kind of thing, the reverse and obverse of the smallest coin current in the realm of art. The expenditure of millions to propagate enthusiasm for canned art is exactly on a level with subsidies for the circus. Art in its wholeness is neither one thing nor the other, but is the expression of man's knowledge of the world as seen in individual perspectives. It is the range of possessed experience made coherent and expressed in form. Like all knowledge, it is more than mere amusement only when it is assimilated. The assimilation for the rest of life of that which art derives from life might make of art the most important thing in the world after the satisfaction of the primary needs. But for the moment art is socially trivial, and it is silly to play up its importance when it has none.

LEO STEIN.

Mürger and Wilde on the Screen

I

THE moving-picture made by Ernst Lubitsch from Lady Windermere's Fan is not easily recognizable as a version of Oscar Wilde's comedy. For the only thing that Lubitsch has taken from Wilde is his plot and the plot of Lady Windermere's Fan is something to which no one has ever paid much attention and which everyone has forgotten. In itself, it is old-fashioned, banal and even rather cheap, and, therefore, provides an ideal story for a modern moving-picture. Mr. Lubitsch has cleared away the sparkle of wit and the atmosphere of cynicism which formerly obscured and made tolerable Wilde's highly conventional comedy; but he has clothed it in such beautiful photography and directed it with so much resource that he has turned out a very attractive film. His gray and silver London streets, his white gowned or black morning-coated figures standing in high-ceilinged rooms or looking out of long-curtained windows are in his most distinguished manner; and his ingenuity, his great knack of presenting commonplace incidents from inobvious and illuminating angles, though less amusing than in Kiss Me Again, is as effective as ever. At one of the first showings of Lady Windermere's Fan, one had an interesting demonstration of another phase of Lubitsch's genius—his ability to make his actors carry out his ideas. On this occasion, Miss Irene Rich, the Mrs. Erlynne of the picture, appeared between two of the showings and made a little speech. In her rôle she had been remarkably successful as the clever adventuress—smart, slender, brunette and lovely, with a charming air of sweetness and frankness which never ceased to suggest the calculated tact of much experience and sophistication. But, in person, Miss Irene Rich turned out to be something quite different and quite unexpected—a wholesome strapping girl from the Coast, as blonde as a California peach and as tall as a sequoia tree, who has never, it appears, hitherto played anything other than the parts of betrayed and abandoned wives. That Lubitsch should have seen her possibilities as Mrs. Erlynne and made her realize them successfully is a proof of the immense difference which an intelligent director may make to the acting of the moving-pictures. This is perhaps even more important in the films than in the case of the speaking stage, because, in the former, the actor has no audience but only the director to play to and the relation between actor and director is closer and more direct. The effect of certain directors on their actors is, in fact, said to be almost hypnotic. Who knows but that all the pretty girls of Hollywood and all the vapid male popinjays might not be transformed into respectable performers taking part in interesting films if there were only enough German directors imported to hypnotize them?

II

La Bohême, in the film version of King Vidor, is not a production of any importance, but an agreeable enough movie romance. Lillian Gish is at her best as Mimi: it is a rôle which has the great advantage of allowing her enough gaiety and lightness to carry off her characteristic pathos: when, as in Romola, she is obliged to suffer without intermission from one end of the picture to the other, her vein of dumb wistfulness and anguish is likely to become monotonous and to lose its power to move us. In La Bohême she is almost as good when she dances the polka with Rodolphe under the trees at the picnic as she is when she sells her clothes to the pawnbroker and watches each garment as it is cast aside. Even here, however, one wishes that she had not been made to dominate the picture as exclusively as she does: a whole evening of Lillian Gish is enervating. The producers of the film had a perfect foil for Mimi ready-made in the Musette of the opera and the story; but they have seen fit to demote Musette to a rôle of almost no importance. This is all the more unfortunate because Musette is played by Renée Adorée, so admirable as the French country girl in The Big Parade and so well suited to play opposite Lillian Gish to the great benefit, one would think, of both. With her snub nose, her wet kisses and her amiable green eyes (they look green, at least, in the pictures), she is a perfect type of common little French girl—a kind of commonness which has its own elegance and its own intelligence.

The authors of the scenario have altered the story in a variety of other ways, in order to substitute American sentimentality for French sentimentality. Mimi runs away from Rodolphe so that he will not be obliged to give up literature and earn money to have her illness treated, instead of simply because he drinks; and, when she does, she engages in the honest, if heart-breaking and inappropriate work, of carrying large bundles of rubbish around in a

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dark cellar. (Why didn't she go and do her sewing elsewhere?) Rodolphe, inspired by his grief, writes a magnificently successful play. In the last scene, when she has come back and is dying, there is a flash-back to the picnic. This was intended by the director, I am told, to relieve the painfulness of the conclusion—a curious artistic idea: such a memory can only, assuming that we have taken the rest of the drama seriously, on the principle of "nessun maggior dolore," make Mimi's death-bed more poignant.

III

A Night in Paris at the Century Roof has a spontaneity and a charm unusual among revues. This is partly due to the Gertrude Hoffmann girls, who have introduced a much-needed note of rowdiness into the regimentation of the American chorus; and partly to the intimacy of the small theatre, in which the shaft from the spotlight is thrown so low above the heads of the audience that the smoke from their cigarettes is seen scrolling along it in designs like Stieglitz's cloud photographs. Yvonne Georges contributes her distinction and her great technical skill; but her characteristic tragic vein, her songs of sullen embitterment, seem not particularly popular with the audience, whereas the caricatured impersonations which she has recently worked up to please the American taste are not particularly happy. There is an amusing new monologist named Jack Osterman, who announces himself on the program as "a Young Boy Just Growing Up," and an English comedian named Barnett Parker, who appears to especial advantage in burlesques of The Vortex and The Green Hat—in the latter of which he impersonates a gentleman in a box explaining and deprecating the improprieties of the play to the ladies of his party at the same time that he betrays the liveliest interest in everything that is going on. Another skit presents a veracious picture of the activities of gunmen in a fashionable night-club. A Night in Paris is not merely well staged and effectively constructed, as almost all American revues are, but has also, what they often lack and what is not easily to be found in New York, a spirit of gaiety.

IV

The dramatization of Scott Fitzgerald's novel, The Great Gatsby, is a very agreeable entertainment. It has the usual theatrical deficiencies of stories not originally conceived for the stage; but Owen Davis has adapted it very adroitly, keeping as much of the original dialogue as possible and filling in the gaps with intelligence and a happy invention. In one place, indeed, he has actually succeeded in improving on Fitzgerald: where Fitzgerald has Gatsby, in his embarrassment, knock over the clock on the mantelpiece, Davis makes him tip over a high-ball glass and then apologize for upsetting "the vase." He has resisted obvious temptations in the direction of melodrama and has, in fact, erred, if at all, in keeping the action in too quiet a key.

What is most remarkable about The Great Gatsby is the extent to which Fitzgerald's characters have come to life on the stage. This is, of course, to a very great extent, the work of the actors and the producer, who have caught the color and the spirit of the novel with surprising success. But for the quality of an author to possess itself of the imaginations of actors and producers, that quality must have strength as well as individuality. We realize, in watching The Great Gatsby, how much vitality and how much enchantment Fitzgerald has put into his work. In none of his books are the characters more disreputable nor the events more disagreeable than they are in The Great Gatsby: some rich and stupid Middle-Westerners, a woman tennis champion suspected of cheating, a bootlegger who also sells bad bonds; an intrigue with a garage-keeper's wife and a drunken motor accident. To have treated these materials with some ruthlessness and at the same time invested them with glamor, at once to have made the bootlegger ridiculous and to have compelled us to accept him as a tragic hero from which the rest of the elements of the story derive their chief romance, required the sensibility and the imagination of a genuine poet. Mr. James Rennie perhaps makes Gatsby a little more attractive and personable than he appeared in the novel; yet he is authentically a Scott Fitzgerald character. We are delighted to find him come to life. And of the characters of how many other contemporary American novelists should we say the same?

EDMUND WILSON.

CORRESPONDENCE

Do the Miners Need Help?

SIR: The issue for February 24 of the New Republic carries an advertisement, A Cry for Help and makes certain statements concerning the miners of West Virginia that is indeed news—astonishing news—to a West Virginian who has traveled the state from end to end and who really and truthfully knows the facts.

This advertisement alleges that "thousands of families, driven from their company-owned homes, are living in tents and flimsy shacks, enduring bitter cold and untold hardships." I am a traveling salesman and my work takes me into the coal fields of this state and I tell you candidly that I do not know of a single case where this alleged suffering exists. I do know of one or two isolated cases where the miners went on strike a year or so ago and who are right now apparently enjoying life pitching horseshoes, shooting craps and making home brew. All this clap-trap of "suffering" is merely cooked up in the minds of a few New York sophisticated, sentimental ladies and spinsters of both sexes basking in the glory of cheap publicity.

West Virginia is able and willing to take care of its needy. Our jails may be full but I'm damned if we have "thousands" of families suffering untold agonies. Here is a land blessed of God—overflowing with natural wealth, with opportunities galore—and yet we do have our share of vagabonds who would not work under any circumstances imaginable as long as there existed the slightest chance of not going stark naked and escaping starving hunger.

Who are those self-appointed creatures—Norman Thomas, Evelyn Preston, Bertha Poole Weyl anyhow? If they will bestir themselves in caring for their own flotsam and jetsam in lower east side New York they will have aplenty to do.

Scarcely is there an edition of any paper in this state that does not carry want advertisements almost begging for workers at good wages and practically on the workers' own terms. Fortunately for this state we have but few of the wind-jamming-I-won't-workers. Even these few are imported articles. If they will get together I am sure West Virginians would gladly give each a hearty meal, a well wish and a ticket to other lands.

Another thing I am quite sure we would be willing to do—pay

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the expenses of, and royally entertain, any honest investigator who would come here and conduct a fair investigation as to the general working conditions of this state.

RAY A. FRAME.

Charleston, W. Va.

SIR: Mr. Frame's letter adds a touch to our picture of West Virginia which we ourselves did not give. He says "our jails may be full." They are. And for precisely the same basic reasons that have kept at least 15,000 men, women and children, miners and their families, in relief camps supported by the United Mine Workers. Over and over again within recent years Mr. Frame's desire for "an honest investigator" has been met, and always with the same sort of report. Our advertisement was based on the latest of these reports by a competent investigator who supported his verbal stories with pictures of typical shacks in which evicted miners have found refuge. He visited the famous Logan County, "slipping in inconspicuously by the back door" and found even in this fief of the coal owners no great prosperity and a short working week.

I speak after careful examination of evidence when I say that no such tragic need for clothing, for which we advertised in particular, exists in all New York City as exists in the camps of these West Virginia miners. Certainly in New York City there is no such chronic civil war in industry as to fill our jails with workers and cause owners to mount machine guns on their factories. Let me hasten to add, however, that I say this with no sense of smug satisfaction over New York conditions which I have fought with all my strength.

But alas, in spite of the desperate need, there will be no more appeals for clothing for *West Virginia* from our committee, at least for many weeks. The Union has been obliged to call off its strikes in that state and abandon its relief work. The cost was too great. For a time West Virginia may have peace. It will be the peace of Mussolini. Unless the operators and "good citizens" of West Virginia radically change their tactics, this peace will be but a short-lived truce. There is nothing glorious about victories over workers won by cold and hunger.

The Emergency Committee whose advertisement you published is still in great need of clothing and money for other relief which we are distributing to evicted miners in camps in Central Pennsylvania and Oklahoma, and to the heroic textile strikers in Passaic, New Jersey.

NORMAN THOMAS.

New York, N. Y.

The True Stevenson

SIR: Mr. Robert Morss Lovett, in his clear, analytic review of The True Stevenson writes: "On only a few points does Mr. Hellman leave us unsatisfied. We should be glad to know where Sir Sidney Colvin admits that he had authority from Mrs. Stevenson to make known the completeness of her relation to Stevenson at Grez; and particularly what influence was exerted to make Mr. Clayton Hamilton obliterate the footprints which he recorded in the first edition of his On the Trail of Stevenson to show that a man had passed that way."

As regards Mr. Lovett's implicit query concerning Mr. Hamilton's book, I think it no breach of confidence to say that Mrs. Stevenson's daughter was the prime cause of those changes that have aroused the interest of Mr. Lovett. Mr. Hamilton himself will, presumably, be willing to indicate in detail how, perhaps among other questions, that of personal acquaintanceship led to the modification of those important statements of his which gave the first courageous light—save that of Henley's—in the field of Stevensonian suppressions.

I shall be more explicit in answering Mr. Lovett's other implied question. On August 9, 1899, Mr. Sidney Colvin wrote an eight page letter to Mr. Lloyd Osbourne—an unpublished manuscript wherein he discussed various matters having to do with his editorship of Stevenson's letters. There he begged Mr. Osbourne not to insist on any change in the introduction to that part of the book which had to do with the California days and the divorce that preceded Stevenson's marriage to Mr. Osbourne's mother. Mr. Colvin pointed out that he had used words which in quiet manner covered the facts; that if his words were adopted no one could deny that the truth had been told; that the narrative of the love affair between Mrs. Osbourne and Stevenson (as repeated in Miss Black's biography) was entirely fictitious; that for the sake of everyone the truth, as adumbrated by Mr. Colvin's paragraphs, should be told. Mr. Colvin went on to say that this was the very crux of the book (I, too, have called it The Crucial Mystery); that he could not sign any statement which gave the facts a different color; that myth-making here would make the book vulnerable to attack by such men as Robertson Nicoll and W. E. Henley. Mr. Colvin stated that he had with great care weighed the words Mr. Osbourne wished to have changed, and he told Mr. Osbourne that he had with great care gone over these words with Mrs. Stevenson and that *she had agreed to their publication as written.* Let me add that I have Mr. Colvin's original words before me, and that, though they are indeed very subtly chosen, there is at least the possibility of reading the truth between the lines.

Mr. Colvin's letter to Mr. Osbourne makes perfectly clear that he recognized the injustices involved, the dangers inherent, and the probable ultimate futility, in the attempt to falsify the facts of the love affair between Stevenson and Mrs. Osbourne.

With due recognition of the sentiments and motivation of Mrs. Osbourne's son, there still must remain the regret that Mr. Colvin finally accepted Mr. Lloyd Osbourne's phrases, thus parting from Stevenson's principles and his own principles in a crucial matter of biography.

GEORGE S. HELLMAN.

New York, N. Y.

A Sermon on Eugenics

SIR: The American Eugenics Society, Inc., announces through its Committe on Coöperation with Clergymen a competition for the best sermon preached in America on the subject of eugenics. This competition is open to any minister, priest, rabbi or student in a theological seminary of any denomination. The sermon must be preached before July 1, 1926, and the awards will be made on October 1, 1926.

Prizes of $500 for the best, $300 for the second, and $200 for the third best sermon are the rewards. Printed rules and announcement will be mailed on application to the American Eugenics Society, 185 Church Street, New Haven, Conn. Upon request a Brief Bibliography of Eugenics and a Eugenics Catechism will also be mailed.

LEON F. WHITNEY.

New Haven, Conn.

A School for Jewish Social Work

SIR: The Training School for Jewish Social Work was initiated by the National Conference of Jewish Social Service last year because of the great need for trained men and women to engage in Jewish communal work. The regular course offered by the School consists of fifteen months of graduate study which includes the cultural and historical background of the Jews, the general principles and practices of social work, and the special problems with which Jewish social work deals.

This year's course will begin next July and will end about the middle of September, 1927. Admission to the regular course is limited to graduates of recognized colleges and universities, preference being given to those who have had a good Jewish and social science background.

A number of tuition scholarships and maintenance fellowships are available for properly qualified students. These are awarded on a basis of competitive examination. Social courses of shorter duration are also arranged for persons of unusual qualifications or experience in social work.

Announcements and applications may be had at the School, 210 West Ninety-first street, New York City.

MAURICE J. KARPF.

New York, N. Y.

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The Alien Patriot

Disraeli, Alien Patriot, by E. T. Raymond. New York: George H. Doran Company. 364 pages. $4.

IN his Disraeli Mr. Raymond uses the same formula which he has found successful in the cases of Lord Rosebery and Mr. Lloyd George—the interpretation of a British statesman through the fact that he was not English. Indeed Disraeli affords a far more triumphant instance of the anomaly than either of the others, because while Lord Rosebery is Scotch and Mr. Lloyd George Welsh, both first cousins to the English, Disraeli was a Jew who in spite of superficial assimilation remained essentially and profoundly alien to the race which he understood so thoroughly, and led so brilliantly. While the positive results of his leadership were small, his importance as a political philosopher remains. His actual accomplishments weigh lightly in the scales of constructive statesmanship. His supreme performance was the illustration of his philosophy by his own career. It was the detachment which he possessed as a Jew that enabled him to pursue this career with perfect assurance and detachment, and in light marching order, unimpeded by the baggage of traditions and loyalties which the ordinary Englishman of the ruling class brings from public school and university. Without the conventional responsibilities of the statesman he was free to treat his life in the spirit of the artist, working with perfect mastery of his material, in accordance with a firmly conceived plan, with a feeling for delicate workmanship which only he appreciated, and a taste for gorgeous coloring grateful alike to himself and his public. As connoisseurs in arrivism his countrymen accepted that career with enormous delight. Its full grandiose sweep gave them that sense of enhancement of life which all great works of art should give. In America there is abundant material for the Log Cabin to White House and the Canal Boy to President theme, but the action lacks the emphasis which the background of aristocracy and royalty affords. After all, the spectacle of an arrival needs someone to give welcome, and the American heroes necessarily achieve their farthest north in lonely state with no one greater than they to receive them. Disraeli had Lord Derby and the Duke of Rutland, the Queen, the Kaiser and the Tsar on his reception committee. From the middle-class suburban home, where his father was wont to ask cynically, "What does our Ben know about dukes?" to the great ensemble scene of the Congress of Berlin, the circle is complete. And if that Congress turned out to have no function except parade, its importance in the drama is not diminished. The crowds which greeted Disraeli and Salisbury on their return to London knew that everying which was registered at Berlin had been arranged beforehand, but with a sure instinct they ignored the premature revelation and threw themselves with fervor into the joyous mob scene of a people saved from war and dishonor. If Disraeli was perfectly master of his part, it is fair to say that at the end he had wonderful support.

Mr. Raymond gives incidentally much attention to the novels, and properly so, for in them Disraeli sketched the plots, wrote the lines, and established the fastuous mise en scène of the drama which he was later to produce and direct. Through them he discovered his public. They are the recreations of an actor temporarily out of a job. The first, Vivian Grey, written when he was little more than twenty, is a singular anticipation of his early career. It is the approach to a society from which he was a rather wistful alien, written with an impudent recognition of the taste for frivolity which had succeeded the high emotions of the Napoleonic wars and Byronic revolt. He was the Michael Arlen de ces jours. Endymion, written when he was nearly eighty, is his retrospect. Between them came Coningsby, Sybil and Tancred, which are social documents of first-rate importance. It was three years before the Communist Manifesto that Disraeli wrote his declaration of the Class War in Sybil or The Two Nations.

> "Two nations, between whom there is no intercourse and no sympathy; who are as ignorant of each other's habits, thoughts and feelings as if they were dwellers in different zones, or inhabitants of different planets."
> "You speak of——," said Egremont, hesitatingly.
> "The Rich and the Poor."

As an actor on the political scene Disraeli was a perfect example of Diderot's paradox. He never for a moment lost himself in the emotion excited by his part. His first rôle was a highly romantic one as leader of the Young England party, chivalrously devoted to the restoration of the prerogative of the crown and the protection of the poor against industrial exploitation and scientific charity. He played it with perfect sang froid in spite of embarrassing laughter and jeers. His next part was more serious, the leader of the Protectionists. Here Mr. Raymond is right in thinking that Disraeli was perfectly aware of the enormous importance of the choice before England in 1846, whether to be a land of farms or of factories. He recognized that "For the laborer Free Trade meant cheap bread. For the manufacturer it meant cheap labor." He was also acutely conscious of the fact that his party had an issue on which it could win, and that its victory would put him at forty into a star part such as Canning or Pitt had played. Yet when the Tories refused to be convinced and followed Sir Robert Peel into the lobbies he did not sulk into the rôle of Cassandra. He turned the occasion promptly to account by defeating Peel on the Irish Coercion bill. If he could not play the hero of the piece he at least carried off a personal triumph as the villain. And as he had abandoned Young England, so he abandoned Protection when there was no longer a public for it. On coming into office in 1852 as Chancellor of the Exchequer he blandly told the country: "The spirit of the age tends to free intercourse, and no statesman can disregard with impunity the genius of the epoch in which he lives."

Beyond any question Peel had come to the repeal of the Corn Laws as the result of his acceptance of a serious call to the faith of free trade; his apostasy had the dignity of a conversion, soon to be sealed by martyrdom. Disraeli's acquiescence in the repeal was without the dignity, but it was also without the martyrdom. A similar departure from the faith of a Tory came in 1867, when Disraeli, once more in office without a majority, played the part of reformer, and safely passed all crises by keeping well in advance of the Liberals in proposals for the extension of the franchise. Mr. Raymond quotes Mr. Belloc in the opinion that Disraeli knew that "the gift he was conferring on the working classes was one that they would not be allowed to use." In any event he recognized that the vote was "something when possessed by a very small minority—but that it could be nothing when it was the possession of many millions." Even the passing of the House of Commons as a legislative body left Disraeli indifferent. This freedom from the ordinary faiths, fears and fetishes of the Englishmen allowed him to soar serenely above

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the mêlée in which Radicals and Tories fought and bled over compound household suffrage and fancy franchises. This was the source of that "diabolical cleverness" which "quite awed" Mr. Gladstone.

After all the great part which Disraeli played from 1876 to 1880 against his classical opponent was the highest exhibition of the famous paradox. No one can doubt that Gladstone, like Sir Robert Peel, sincerely believed in the cause which he espoused. His Midlothian Campaign in behalf of oppressed nationalities and in reprobation of the Turk was the most striking electioneering phenomenon which Great Britain had then witnessed, and it was carried out with an evangelical fervor which anticipated Roosevelt in 1912. It was unquestionably great stuff for the galleries. It almost forced Disraeli into overplaying his rôle of cynical indifference. He was old, he was tired, but his infirmities added realism to his make-up. He was probably never so sincere as during the months when with Skobeleff marching against the Turks, Gladstone unleashing public opinion against them, the Turks themselves tempting fate, while Germany and Austria poised to strike, he maintained the levity of omniscience behind the smile of Voltaire. Mr. Raymond points out that just as during the Indian Mutiny he was immune from the English obsession that makes attack on women and children a double sacrilege when perpetrated by dark-skinned people, so he was free from the notion that atrocities by Moslems have a horror beyond those by Christians. As Jew he had a certain hereditary sympathy with the Turk. Without the Christian hopes of Mr. Gladstone he was free likewise from his secular fear of Russia. He waited for the jingo spirit, excited by the Russian advance, to rise high enough to neutralize the horror of the Turkish atrocities before he made the gesture that notified the world that he had replaced Great Britain as a world power by the British Empire: he ordered 7,000 Sepoys to Malta. In all this he was, as it now appears, playing safely enough; even when he had brought Russia to the point of submitting the Treaty of San Stefano to the Congress of Berlin as a matter of European concern he made a secret agreement which insured the success of the Conference. It was pure brag to write to Lady Bradford about "expiring in a blaze." It was Gladstone who was living dangerously; yet Disraeli's part turned out in the end the more spectacular and the more popular. He was providing the English people with a cheap if unmoral equivalent of war, and he carried off a glory equal to that of Wellington after Waterloo. The Congress of Berlin was not won on the cricket fields of Eton. It was a famous victory for all that, albeit a stage victory, or celebration piece which Disraeli felt that he owed to himself and the English people who had stood by him in circumstances of some difficulty. It is the fashion to trace back to this or that article of its agreements the causes of the outbreak of 1914. Undoubtedly it lends itself to many political alibis. Its true importance is as the fifth act of a drama which teaches the wisdom of placing governments in the hands of alien experts, capable of understanding the racial prejudices of a people but wholly free from them, ready to express its ideals by means of a national flower or an imperial title, but adroit enough not to go to war about them, able to play the part of patriot with zest and humor, but not deluded by it. Such a statesman may not be able always to keep a people from ruining itself, but he will greatly limit its capacity for injuring others. Only consider what it would have meant to the world to have had a Disraeli in place of Poincaré, Grey, or Wilson.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

American Sagas

In the American Grain, by William Carlos Williams. New York: Albert and Charles Boni. 235 pages. $3.

THE words of William Carlos Williams either rend and pull apart or set about erecting a new building. Strong, hard-beaked words, the one thing they cannot do is to leave things as they are, and they rarely carry to a pile already begun.

In this book they serve a fresh and beautiful interpretation of American history. Williams has found a new way of approach. His mind is of the fleet and narrow type that is built for speed. It makes men think of a horse in flight, a racer, with his ears back and here and there a fleck of foam. . . His objective is beauty: that which is not beauty is an obstacle, not to be walked around, to be attacked and if possible demolished. Yet his anger never swells into a chant as does his homage and his wonder; his disgusts are the intervals in his song. For, except for some chapters on Puritanism, in which there is so little to sing about, his book is an interrupted song. It opens with the saga of Red Eric and ends on Lincoln—a sensitive minor note, where so many readers will expect a trumpeting major, and be annoyed because it is not sounded. He speaks very softly of Lincoln, almost as though to himself; he might be remembering twilights in which they had sat together. He has hushed himself—who seldom hushes himself—and gone close to listen. He is the first to touch the brooding mother in that lonely man. Another for whom he has listened is Walter Raleigh, that shadow-man, lost in a queen's lover. In histories he has seemed always remote to me; a posturing figure, covering a gutter with his coat, later, a sawdust head rolling off. Williams's staccato chant leaves him a song in the air, a song long over-laid with more importunate sounds, but not again to be forgotten.

Biased Carlos Williams is, accepting with passion or rejecting with intolerance. It is a proud mask, and fiercely meek, that head of Montezuma he raises above the ruins of Tenochtitlan. He throws only waste glances at the hardy bandit Cortez who serves his own lusts and Spain's as one god. To Montezuma, alone, no dried blood clings—unless some out-splashing from the blood-baths of the idols. Suave, smiling in despair, the Aztec is as untarnished as a golden image that has been dug up out of a dirty ruin. Williams has invested him, and the old jeweled civilization he rested on, with the strange glamor that surrounds beautiful things and people who die by violence before their time. You catch the intermittent glimmer of "gold and silver and precious stones," and moving shadows of birds over blue pools, over all the boding idols . . . . Tenochtitlan is a bloodied and desecrated tapestry over which the Spaniards swarm insatiate. They seized beauty and it died—still-born for those who destroyed it—only to be again and yet again resurrected by some such sensitively groping hand as has here achieved it.

There is in Williams a higher fealty than that demanded by mere factual truth. He has in him the truth that can only be proven by emotional recognition. Such a truth, beyond the scope of records, is that love-duel of de Soto with the New World. Thus She sings to her Black Jasamine: You are mine and I will strip you naked—jealous of everything that touches you. Down, down to me—in and under and down, unbeaten, the white kernel, the flame—the flame burning under water that I cannot quench.

The man has a boy's passion for that virginal America of de Soto and Daniel Boone. He, too, would have followed

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that savage mistress who starved and bled and isolated her weary lovers, or consumed them with her voracious tenderness. Like his favorite hero, Boone, he would have accepted whole-heartedly the hateful as well as the lovely aspects of his beloved. To the large ruthlessness of natural forces he submits without protestation, yet without cowering. But he vigorously rejects that amalgamated pressure of small souls that imposes itself as an organized will.

He has achieved here as searching an analysis of Puritanism as was possible to one not yet quite convalescent from its effects. But the residue of it that is in him has both colored his thought with an obscure violence, and prevented his near approach. You cannot touch intimately what you hate, except by a blow, and the blow feels only itself. But there is a light in Williams, and this light he has thrown upon the Puritans. It illuminates them for intense moments, burning over if not into them, and making their drabness vivid. With what precision he impales them on a phrase: "the first American Democracy." And this for Poor Richard, smuggest of their prophets: "the face on the penny stamp." Yet he joins foreigners, who have not the knowledge that contact gives, in regarding New England women as sexless. But they are no more sexless than any other women, merely encased in congealed opinion that resists thaw like the long snows that persist upon their hills.

His treatment of the Negroes, a people who have given so much to America's spiritual and æsthetic life, is singularly inadequate. He is not unsympathetic—far from it. But he approaches them as a spectator and seems to watch, fascinated, a single gesture that, in all its variations, becomes *his* beauty—to be segregated and kept pure for his perpetual enjoyment. He is grateful for their joy, the "quality" they brought to America—and of which they had so much that all their giving has not yet left them bankrupt. But: "all the rest is to keep from having to say anything more . . . it is their beauty."

In the American Grain is chaotic and unequal, but it is a great adventure. From time to time, especially in Jacataqua, the motion slackens. An excited interest takes the place of intensity—something of the vivacity of the expansive male in an after-dinner mood. I find in Williams signs of sex-antagonism. There seems to be in him a streak of what is not so much commonness as a desire, almost a hunger, to share its contacts. Not the plush sofa variety, that he would execrate, but those of the gutters. Some of his words have the rank immediacy of the gutters. But no one has a more subtle sense of word-values. Sometimes, by re-examining and airing the content of a word, he regains that first transparency through which we can see afresh the delicate structure of the thought. Genius, for instance, has never been better re-fitted than to "that stream-like purity of purpose"—that filled Columbus on his first voyage.

In him the Indian lives. I say the Indian, advisedly, for the race looms as one man, an over life-sized figure, ruthless, vivid, stark, moving swiftly. It is the Indian who really dominates this book. To Williams he is as much a part of the New World as are her prairies and great rivers; a being never to be exterminated, a red power passing silent, subtle, into the white bodies, in and under the white skins: "I do believe the average American to be an Indian, but an Indian robbed of his world." Here again is that which I recognize as truth, living and shifting under the static fact. It does not even need the superstructure of a fact, because it is of that unknowable stuff that life is made of, and that, in turn, vibrates to its touch.

This book leaves me with a sense of vast spaces, luxuriance arrested, pressed back forces; a lonely, stark beauty, silent, grim, dying as the Indian dies. A new world passing, unknown, having been touched only blindly, as one jostles, without knowledge, a savage splendid queen riding by in darkness.

LOLA RIDGE.

The Imperial Scene-Shifter

Memoirs, by Sir Almeric Fitzroy. Two vols. New York: George H. Doran Company. 833 pages. $12.50.

SIR ALMERIC FITZROY, for twenty-five years Clerk of the Privy Council, once told an American lady that he was "a sort of scene-shifter in the Imperial Theatre," and he goes on to say, "She evidently thought I was in one of the lower rungs of the theatrical ladder." The events of his life which he considers important enough to relate in two heavy tomes indicate that the American lady was not so badly deceived as he intended. This thorough British aristocrat devoted himself to keeping up the appearances of monarchical institutions. Certainly he was somewhere on the theatrical ladder and if pageantry is to be judged by its significance and sincerity rather than by the intrinsic quality of the personalities who essay the rôles, his position was not near the top. He was in close association with the chief men in British public life, and his memories have traces of the insolence of those who dog the footsteps of the great, but his part was always that of scene-shifter. He arranged the rituals while they were busy with government. He is not without a quick sense of humor; he knew that much of his drama was flub-dub, but he evidently kept his humor for his "revelations" and went on with the show. Typically, he tells how Pembroke came to present an address to King Edward VII, "and found His Majesty having his corns cut." The ruler of the British Empire asked that the address be presented at once and when the noble earl protested that he had not the Lord Steward's wand customarily flourished on such an occasion, "Oh, never mind," said the King, "take an umbrella!"

His comments on the great men of his epoch are a combination of eloquent judgments on their characters with the most trivial information about their affairs. Such a book, challenging comparison with Greville, is almost inevitably presented as "sensational." There may be some slight flutters in London over Sir Almeric's anecdotes and jabs at exposed grandeur but surely no one in America can be surprised or excited over the King's alarm lest Bryan be sent as ambassador to St. James. Nor can we do more than smile when he pronounces George Harvey "plain enough to command attention in any company." He knows a good story and he is unafraid. He can be witty as well as caustic, but sometimes the showman comes to the fore and he is funny in a strain of Daisy Ashford solemnity.

There is very little synthesis in his account of twenty-five years. His memories are footnotes to history. Eight hundred-odd pages of footnotes are rather formidable reading for the public at large, even when well spiced. For those concerned with the minutiæ of British history there is much valuable material.

We can sympathize with the encomium from Lord Salisbury, modestly quoted, in which Sir Almeric is called one of "that body of Civil Servants, unmatched in any other country in the world, upon which the successful administration of the public affairs depends at least as much, or even more, than the Parliamentary government," and still feel that his branch of the civil service has little to do with what we would call parliamentary government. It is con-

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cerned almost entirely with the monarchy, the theatrical accessory to the British system which the plain business man supports as a show to bind the dominions and awe an alien empire.

LYMAN BRYSON.

Illustrated by the Author

Adventures of an Illustrator, by Joseph Pennell. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 372 pages. $12.50.

JOSEPH PENNELL'S Adventures of an Illustrator is defined in the sub-title as "mostly in following his authors in America and Europe." In the forty-odd chapters all but the last half dozen recount adventures of circumstance rather than of the spirit. The rest tell of days in school and art school, early enlistment as an illustrator, a first commission with George W. Cable, Florentine days with Howells, and a long succession of places visited and writers worked with, until Mr. Pennell seemed to have made London his home and Europe his studio and to have faced no prospect of change for either residence or work place. Once in a while there had been a rainstorm or a cold day or a bad dinner or a carouse or an arrest or a journalistic tour de force. There was hardly any vivid adventure even of circumstance, and none recorded that lift or depress the heart. Mr. Pennell had established a place for himself in the world of art and had found success and security there. And then the War came.

In his adventures up to 1914 the illustrator had done his own work in his own way, not regardless of others but in open disregard for a succession of others whom he viewed with unveiled and unmuffled contempt. Except for a few visual facts he had found nothing and almost nobody in the world to admire or respect. And then the War came. Still he tried to defer to his own soul, but circumstances overwhelmed him. In the first year and a half he saw and drew War Work with official sanction in three countries:

> No one else had such an opportunity. . . . I did not go and come to draw the War, but the War was the reason for my coming and going. I made my drawings and prints of War Work not to help win the War or to try to stop the War, but because the War gave me the chance to make them—to continue the work I had been doing for years. I do not believe in war. I abominate it. It wrecked my life; it ruined my plans; it smashed my ideals and beliefs.

It also evoked Mr. Pennell's bigger self so that he concludes the book with dignity. In the last half of the last page he stills his lesser resentments, and in the rhythmic prose that he has resorted to even in moments of petty bitterness, in a paragraph printed above the portrait of the two Pennells by their Brooklyn window overlooking the harbor—he, shattered and despondent, and she, serenely poised—he writes:

> We are of it, but not in it, the world. But we see it, see it passing, for in a little while it will be no more and we shall be no more, the world we loved and laid up treasures in— it is gone and they are gone. The view from our windows is the last of our world, for all else is gone—we have seen it go—and we are going and it is going. But it is good to have lived, to have adventured, to have known, and to remember.

Unhappily the book as a whole gives no hint of the ideals and beliefs that were shattered by the War, nor any hints of adventures up to the opening of the War, nor of any experiences before it that were particularly cherishable. The text must misrepresent the essential man, the illustrator, for the text is querulous and bitter. It contains some interesting personalities, some sprightly episodes, and some lovely scenes, but every page of it is sprayed with acid.

It is inevitable to contrast these reminiscences with the memories of that other Philadelphian, James Huneker, who wrote cordially of Pennell though Pennell never mentions him, harping instead on the neglectfulness of his countrymen. Huneker's life was comparable to Pennell's; his mind was just as active and not much more profound; and he was far from being a Pippa or a Pollyanna. Yet from his pages one can understand why people liked him and why he liked life and liked to remember it.

And in another way—chiefly because of the sumptuousness of the two books—it is natural to recall Meyer-Graefe's study of Vincent van Gogh in Reece's extraordinary translation; van Gogh for whom Pennell has a scornful word, yet in whose tempestuous experience there was always an impelling desire to achieve, and who fought circumstance and the fatefulness of his own character, and the invading influences of other men and other methods, and who went mad in the struggle and yet achieved before he died, so that the adventures of his life form one of the great chronicles of literature.

But the real adventures of the real Joseph Pennell are recorded in lines rather than in words. In his plates art triumphs over personal prejudice and the nobler phases of his character shine clearly and truthfully. And serenely, too, for he deals with the serenities of architecture and landscape. The book is filled with his illustrations, but not to the exclusion of others. In this field he suffers from no comparisons with the work of the artists he includes with his own. He reminds one of Huneker again in rejoinder to Pennell's exclamation that he knew of no other great etcher than Félicien Rops:

> Oh, yes, you do, Joseph Pennell! You are too modest by half. Demme, sir, as old Joseph Bagstock would say, old Joey B., begad, sir, you know a chap named Pennell who sometimes etches like an angel.

PERCY H. BOYNTON.

Recent Fiction

The Keen Desire, by Frank B. Elser. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.

THIS first novel by a hardened newspaper man makes one reach up to the top shelf for the battered phrase "a talent to be reckoned with," and all that it implies of discovery and of uncertainty whether the discovery is the Real Thing after all. If Mr. Elser's Keen Desire is the first point of a normally upward curve, some day he is quite likely to be the Real Thing. For The Keen Desire is a highly original and exciting book, far and away better than nine-tenths of the novels spawned within the last two or three years. Though the theme is not original, being the semi-autobiographical one of a reporter and his love affairs in a small town, moving to a larger town and new love affairs, and finally to New York, the treatment is, rather unaccountably, quite fresh. Mr. Elser skates close to, and yet subtly avoids, the old pattern of a sensitive young man, slain with self-pity, trying hard to succeed. The book is full of crudities, indulgences, faults, cracks, but through the cracks rises the hot steam of life. It reminds one of Sherwood Anderson in its acceptance of the small town

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and small town people as part of life rather than as an aquarium of queer fish escaped from, and later viewed through the naked plate-glass of memory. And Sherwood Anderson ought to, but probably would not, envy Mr. Elser's freedom from inquisitive fog. However, the comparison should not be pushed too far. Mr. Elser is not quite like any other American novelists, a great many of whom will be found taking seats farther and farther back if Mr. Elser's hungry, independent talent goes on growing, if he learns to see people a little more coolly, a little more completely, if he learns to tame his material a little better without also taming his own restless, wounded fury.

The Lady of the Abbey, by George A. Birmingham. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.

IF marked "perishable," shipped to a lazy hammock on the hottest of August afternoons, and there read for lack of anything else to do, The Lady of the Abbey would barely get by. It is reasonably readable, and nothing more. Good old Balkan intrigue never fails to yield some drops of color or amusement, and some drops there are here, too, but scarcely enough for a drink. The humor is of the easy mark variety, effortless and mediocre, possible to laugh at when tossed off in after-dinner anecdotes, hard to bear in large doses of print. A thin undercurrent of adventurous seriousness threatens feebly at times to take command of the book, but the genial, openwork, tea-biscuit humor invariably puts it to rout. It would be fun to be able to dictate books like this between five and six in the afternoon.

Clara Barron, by Harvey O'Higgins. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.

CLARA BARRON is "sliced." Its flight, straight at the beginning, curves sideways, and then down, coming to rest at last more or less irretrievably in the rough. Clara's early years, and her stolid, determined little personality, are done with sobriety, balance and direction. The people and the details are good, but in a vein—the vein of calm, compassionate, well furnished narrative—which has been over-exploited. If the last half were up to the first, one might feel otherwise, but Clara's character after she comes to New York to become a famous journalist and champion of women does not seem to rest on the premises so faithfully built up at the start. Mr. O'Higgins has a good eye for externals, which he describes well, and for people, whose profiles he sketches easily. What lies deeper, the essentials of character, the invisible stream of change and living, escapes him.

Mated, by Wallace Irwin. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.

WHILE Lucinda, Mr. Irwin's heroine, is crushed and alone, a hotel child buffeted about between a divorced mother, an amiable failure of a stepfather, and a horrible real father, the story has vitality. When she breaks loose to live her own life with a young man to whom she refuses to be married because of the unhappiness always coupled in her experience with marriage, the story, though it becomes somewhat more charming, also becomes unreal. Lucinda herself remains a good deal of a person, but Mr. Irwin has surrounded her with people either not fully imagined or acidly exaggerated. Lucinda's mother, and the chapters in which they both lead a life of furtive

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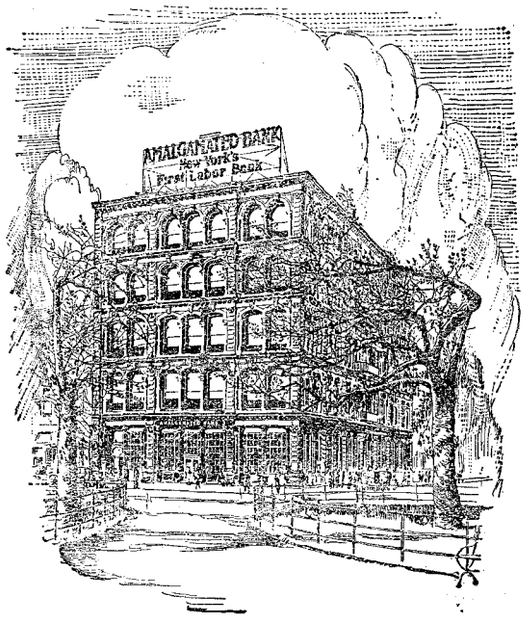

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poverty in a great hotel, eating sardines and washing their clothes in the bathroom, are the book's most successful creations. Elsewhere, Mr. Irwin, whose sympathy, though deep, is not also broad enough to cover all his characters, gives way to a ferocious zest for fabricating hateful puppets and shedding a harsh limelight over their pillories. Thoroughly disagreeable and one-sided inhabitants of a novel have a way of commanding our dislike, but not our interest. The best of Mr. Irwin is concrete, documented, reportorially vivid, but the worst of him, above all his tendency violently to take sides, unfortunately flavors the whole.

The Blind Goddess, by Arthur Train. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.

MR. TRAIN'S detective story is readable out of all proportion to its long tangled plot and unlikely personages. That much of it which is wholly imaginary is easily separable from the sharp recreation of things familiar to him—law courts, cases, witnesses, judges. The turns and twists of the murder trial are rather engrossing as soon as we are in court, where Mr. Train has the types and the setting journalistically at his finger-tips; once out of court and in a vaguer, wider world he loses his sure touch and our confidence. The book is forcibly, unsuccessfully, welded together out of dissimilar and unequal parts. The craftsman, the designer of plots and surprises, alternates with the creator of characters to their mutual disadvantage. The more one thinks of it, the less there is to be said for The Blind Goddess, barring the fact that it was easy to read. C'est toujours quelque chose.

Spanish Bayonet, by Stephen Vincent Benét. New York: George H. Doran and Company. $2.

SPANISH BAYONET is adventure without excitement. Mr. Benét's tale is as trig and pretty as a model frigate, and as innocent of raw salt water. The scene is the Florida of 1776, British rulers, and Greek, Italian, Majorcan settlers. There is a lot of fighting, but no blood we can really believe in. There is a bewitching treacherous heroine bent out of all possibility to enchant us by the necessary turn of the plot. Nice things now and then to be sure—lilting phrases, the imitation velvet of romantic language, vivid fabrications, glimpses of fair land and water, but none of the authentic stuffing that such stories require.

M. H.

Contributors

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